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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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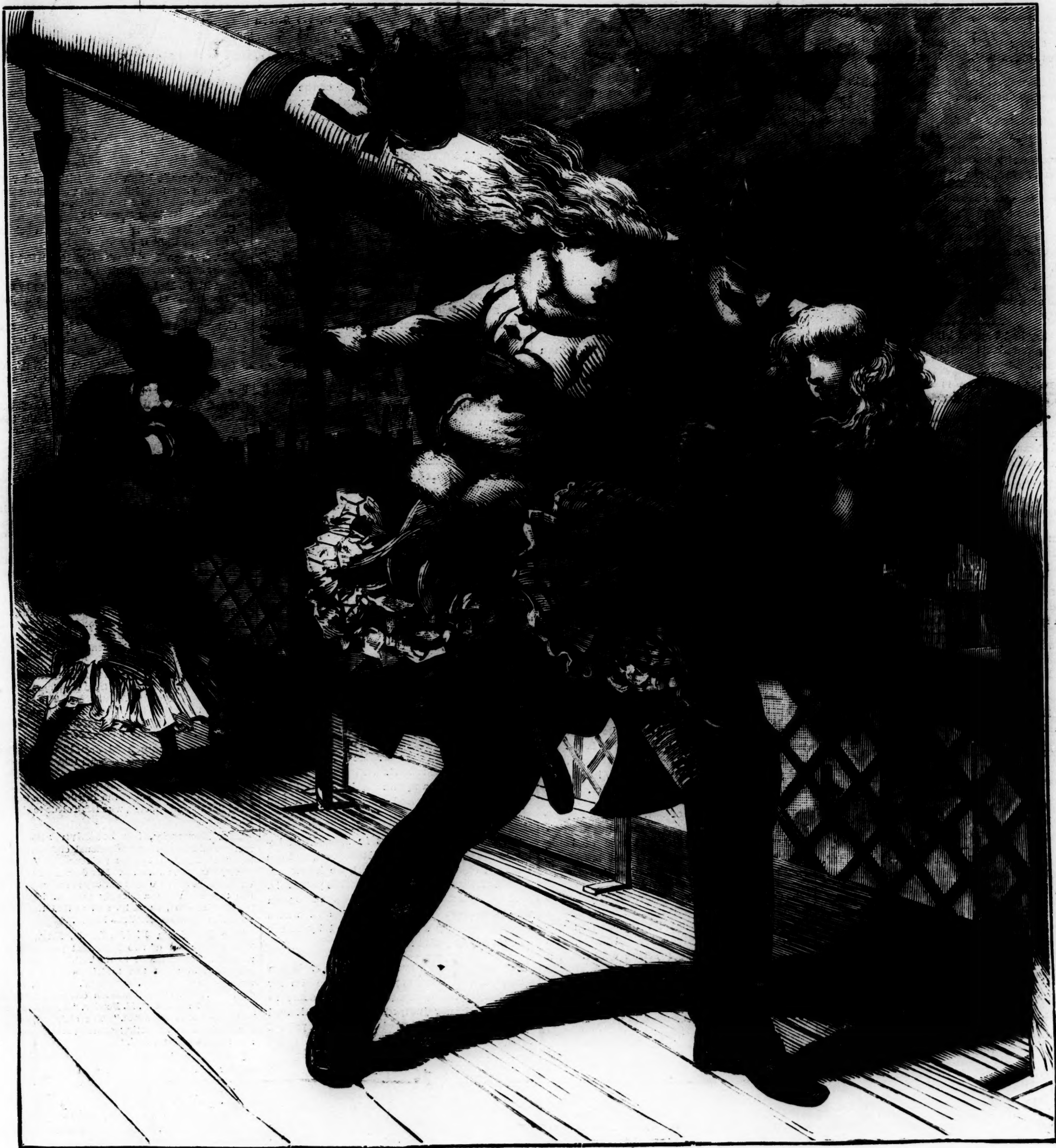
RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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AERIAL RAPID TRANSIT.

HOW TWO TIMID AND DELICATE YOUNG SCHOOL-GIRLS WERE TRANSPORTED ACROSS THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE IN A HEAVY GALE.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, February 14, 1885.

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ONE DOLLAR.

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A GREAT place for slippers—the toboggan-slides at Montreal.

THE star-eyed goddess is not sending Bachelor Grover any bouquets.

CONGRESSMEN are fortunately not compelled to pass an examination on tea.

THE country wouldn't kick if Moody got up a revival of trade as well as religion just now.

GEN. STEWART has been heard from—largely heard from by the adjacent Arabs, so to speak.

THE dynamiters will, of course, procure situations for their starving countrymen in England.

BILL VANDERBILT thinks it's better to be a white man once than never to be a white man at all.

If they had hanged him to a sour apple-tree, perhaps Jeff Davis would not now be claiming so much.

A DIME-A-NIGHTER is much more popular than a dynamiter in a New York cheap lodging-house.

STATSMEN must beware of the lycosa, a venomous brand of spider with a weakness for biting red-noses.

If flogging were in fashion in this city the first victim would probably be a padrone, and after him a wife-beater.

THE gloomy weather, it is said, has greatly depressed Gen. Grant. His relief bill should be passed to cheer him up.

A MAN has been discovered in Kentucky, who cannot live without drinking coal-oil. Verily, truth is stranger than fiction.

NEWSPAPERS will keep the galley containing the account of Gen. Gordon's death standing until he gets back to London.

STRAY tigers infest North Carolina. New York has several institutions where that festive animal can be safely bucked.

RUTH HAYES supplies the Hoffman House with poultry. No chance for fowl play with a fly customer like Ed. Stokes.

A STRANGER in Montreal succeeded in passing off a fifty-dollar Confederate note on a simple Canuck for a diamond ring.

PERHAPS Gordon doesn't want to be rescued. It will be remembered that Livingstone was not overly well pleased at being found.

AMONG the other afflictions of the Grant family, the wood-cut fiends have produced a picture of the General's noble wife!

ONE of the most decided questions to be decided is: "What does the roller-skating deacon think when he connects with the floor?"

A NEW YORK coachman has broken the record by eloping with the family governess, and society is in consequence terribly shocked.

Now that Evarts has been elected to the United States Senate, there are hopes ahead, in a political way, for dime museum skeletons.

ONE of the editors of Harper's Weekly has mysteriously disappeared. It is supposed that he has gone in search of an editress for Harper's Young People.

A FELLOW has been found bold enough to sink the Mascot. Unhappily, the Mascot he sank was only a steam launch and not the opera of that name. Still his intentions were strictly honorable.

With dynamite explosions in London and a plumbers' strike in Brooklyn it is evident that the piping time of peace is yet in the dim distance.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR is not going to New Orleans. Chet heard that they were miserably cut pants there, and he was afraid of being shocked.

PUG-DOG parties are now affected by New York demobilism. Once in awhile a dude gets in unnoticed, but if found is immediately expelled.

A DESERTER from Fort Lowell, Arizona, told the court-martial that "he had rather be a coward all his life than a corpse fifteen minutes."

A NEW JERSEY woman who ran away with a handsome man left a note for her husband in the sugar-bowl. A striking illustration of bitter-sweet.

THE war on Cold-Water Candidate St. John has been so hot that his namesake, the Hudson river steamboat, caught fire and burned to the water's edge.

If our Revolutionary fathers had struck for liberty by blowing up women and children in London, who would be President of the United States to-day?

THE short skating spell in Central Park gave the managers of roller-rinks an opportunity to oil their skates and collect their commissions from the doctors.

WHEN President Arthur resumes the practice of his profession he will receive many cases from wealthy tailors. He is a great authority upon riparian rights.

BISMARCK is said to be worth only \$500,000, although he has been in politics all his life. German politics, it would appear, does not pay like the American article.

A LOT of Chinese laborers are on their way to Peru. They have been so long accustomed to dining on dogs that they are not the least afraid of the Peruvian bark.

THE telegraph announces that a Buffalo man has been divorced from the wrong woman. That's generally the case. No man wants to be divorced from the right woman.

A NYACK shoemaker has eloped with a young lady, leaving his wife and three children. He will wish he had stuck to the last when he finds his fair companion has got the upper hand of him.

EVARTS has begun to joke about his Presidential aspirations. This is the way the symptoms generally show themselves at first. Before two years William will regard it as a very sober matter.

THE "Police Gazette" skating tournament was one of the features of the Montreal carnival. It is a very cold day even in Montreal when the POLICE GAZETTE gets left—and don't you forget it.

A RICH young quadroon woman in Pittsburg has paid a white man \$20,000 to become her husband. Both draw the color line rather close—she at the color of his skin, and he at the color of her money.

DR. MARY WALKER is said to be writing a play. We haven't heard whether it is her intention to make it a tragedy or a comedy, but feel pretty sure that, whichever she intends to make it, it will turn out to be the other.

COLORADO graduates of Harvard are not allowed to become members of the Alumni association. The distinguished honor of being blackballed, so to speak, has just been conferred on Prof. Greener and Robert H. Terrell.

NICHOLASVILLE, Ky., has six white and three colored churches which make such a din by ringing their bells that an anti-church-bell-ringing society has been formed there, who claim that the clappers strike 6,700 times a week.

A BANK recently broke at Jamestown, Penn., and the cashier left rather suddenly. The cashier has returned, and the town is wild with excitement over the discovery that he didn't steal any money. Such a thing was never heard of before.

TENNYSON is engaged on a poem to celebrate Prince Albert Edward's coming of age. If the prince is endowed with any literary taste, he must regret that he couldn't have averted this literary disaster by postponing his twenty-first birthday sine die.

A GREAT many high-toned New Yorkers have valets. A valet is a man employed to put another man to bed when the other man can't get there himself. In this climate the police make the best valets, only they put a man to bed in the station-house.

THE Democrats can now perceive the promised land without the use of a spy-glass. They will be out of the woods in less than forty days.

THE best and wittiest speeches made at the Police Captains' dinner last week, were those of Judge Barrett and Roscoe Conkling. Both Scribes and Pharisees have good reason to respect the present Judge and the ex-Senator.

THE fire in the Capitol at Washington the other day came near being most disastrous. Some department reports of 1700 narrowly escaped. The only wonder, come to think of it is that such dry reading does not take fire from spontaneous combustion.

A KINGSTON peddler was recognized in a corpse the other day and pronounced a case of accidental death by a coroner's jury. The original Hebrew shortly afterward turned up in a state of hilarious vitality and threatened the jury with a suit for libel.

A MOTT street Chinaman has renounced draw-poker. He sorrowfully relates his experience as follows: "I get flo ace, bet five dolla, nobody clum in; I get tlee kingee, bet ten dolla, nobody clum in; I get flo flushee, bet fifteen dolla, evly son of a gun clum in."

PRESIDENT-ELECT CLEVELAND's address is No. 48 Willett street, Albany, N. Y. We give this information for the benefit of the Democrats of this vicinity who want office. They should write to Mr. Cleveland direct, as he is at present the boss of the machine.

THE old liberty-bell had a triumphal tour from Philadelphia to New Orleans. The old bell was enthusiastically greeted all along the route. Nobody seemed to think of the crack that runs athwart the bell, and if it were to ring no one would perceive the defect in its tone.

HERE is the editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal telling the editor of the Atlanta Constitution to go to the devil. When a noted San Francisco wit had invited a fellow-creature to the same destination he delicately added: "Farewell noble heart and bright intellect, we shall meet again."

A KANSAS CITY physician believes that hundreds of persons are buried alive in this country every year. We didn't suppose that it happened every year, but we know a good many of them are tucked away every four years. Counting postmasters, last year was a dreadful year for this sort of thing.

MRS. GRANT has been appointed trustee of her husband's war relics, which are to be turned over to the government at his death. It would have been a good deal better for the General if she had been appointed the trustee of the relics of her husband's fortune. She would have made a better guardian than Ward.

It doesn't take an Indian long to catch on to the ways of his white brothers. The Shinnecock tribe is located on Long Island and a majority opposed the sale of Shinnecock hill to the Long Island Railway Company, but the trustees consummated the sale and gobbled the cash. One of the trustees got all the money in his possession and skipped to Canada.

A TRAMP called upon a gentleman in Bath, Me., and offered to saw wood for his dinner. The gentleman accepted the proposition, but was unable to find the saw. He was so pleased, however, with the fellow's willingness to work that he gave him a square meal. A short time afterward he discovered that the tramp had stolen the saw.

SINCE the boxing contest in New York between the Oxford champion, Roosevelt, and the Harvard champion, Van Brunt, we know just what a "friendly match for scientific points" is. It is merely a slugging match between two men who pronounce Cicero "Kikero," and whose sense of decency would be injured by either gate money or police interference.

PITTSBURG has a mayor for the times. When a local pugilist and two pals, up before him for disorderly conduct, seemed likely to come to blows, his honor jumped over the desk and knocked the pugilist and belligerent pal off their feet with two successive, rapidly-delivered cleaners. Having thus reduced them to a proper state of mind, he severely lectured and fined them \$25 around.

RUSSELL SAGE must feel very proud that he is the brother of such a consummate ass as William Sage, who, being placed on the witness stand for the purpose of formally identifying his own son, tried to be funny by saying that he could not swear to the young man's parentage, and finally declared that he himself was not Russell Sage's brother, but that Russell was his brother. Some men are born idiots, some acquire idiocy, and some have idiocy thrust upon them. Bill Sage is evidently all three varieties.

SPORTIVE PERSONALS.



Who doesn't know Uncle Billy Clark? And who, knowing Uncle Billy Clark, won't admit that the above portrait of him is a full-blown bella perennia, otherwise great American daisy?

O. F. Barker is now champion checker-player of the United States.

Mr. George Lorillard offers to sell Roysterer, Reveler and Friar, three of his race-horses.

David L. Reid was chosen secretary of the St. Louis Club at the recent annual meeting of the stockholders.

Commodore Kittson has had a car constructed after his own pattern in which to transport his valuable horses next season.

Louis Wicker, of Ticonderoga, N. Y., died suddenly a few days ago while driving a colt on the ice from that place to Lake Champlain.

Capt. Cottrill has written to W. R. Babcock to secure Billy Donohue to ride for him at the Southern Spring meetings, but he is not likely to have his wish gratified.

Matt Legg defeated Elmer Baer in a pigeon-shooting match, for \$100, fourteen birds each, twenty-one yards rise, at North Lawrence, Ohio, Jan. 17. The score was 9 to 7.

D. D. Bell and T. W. Moore & Co., both of Lexington, Ky., and Mack & Penn, of Mt. Sterling, Ky., are among the new owners who will appear on the turf this year.

J. I. Case, of Racine, Wis., has sold to C. C. Lyford, of Minneapolis, Minn., the chestnut mare, Mabel H., for \$2,000, and the bay gelding, Abdallah Sprague, for \$500.

Dr. Carver, in addition to 50 per cent. of the gate receipts of his recent shoot in New Haven, Ct., will, it is said, receive a large sum from an arms company for the big advertisement the work done with their rifles proved.

Mr. P. Lorillard's game-keepers have a busy time in preserving his game from the depredations of hawks and other natural destroyers. The latest importation to keep up the stock consisted of 100 pairs of English partridges, fifty pairs of pheasants, twenty-five pairs of hares, and ten roe deer.

A suit was commenced Jan. 17 against President Von der Ahe, of the St. Louis Club, in the United States Circuit Court, Cleveland, by the Toledo Club to recover \$50, which, it is claimed, Von der Ahe agreed to give to the president of the Toledo Club if he would release Barkley and Welch, who left Toledo to sign with St. Louis.

Tim Dermody, the Brooklyn athlete, formerly well known as a professional club-swinging and handball-player, died at his residence, 243 Van Brunt street, that city, on Jan. 12. His demise was quite unexpected, as it was only a few days previously that he had taken part in a friendly game of handball in Sweeney's court, this city, and at that time he appeared in his usual excellent health.

The Cardigan Fields, Leeds, Eng., were on Jan. 3 the scene of two important pigeon-shooting matches. The claimant to the Tichborne estates was advertised to shoot two matches for \$250 a side, at twenty-five birds each, against W. Graham, of London, described as "the champion one-hand shot of the world," and against G. H. Fowler, "champion small-bore rifle-shot of the world." The claimant, as one of our distinguished sporting contemporaries occasionally remarks, "done well."

Jake Somerindyke is the only surviving organizer of the Empire Club, with Isaiah Rynders, forty-two years ago, when he kept the "Arena" at No. 23 Park row. Among the other members of the club were "Yankee" Sullivan, Johnny Austin, George Woolridge, Frank Chanfrau, Mauny Kelly, Mike Walsh, John Kelly, the grand sashem, and Harry Arcularius. Tom Hyer, Bill Harrington and Abe Vandezee organized a rival club called the Union, and many prize fights grew out of the rivalry. The most memorable one was that between Tom Hyer and "Yankee" Sullivan. They quarreled about their respective organizations and Hyer, in a turn-up, gave "Yankee" a severe drubbing. That happened in a saloon then kept by Billy Florence on Broadway. George Woolridge was at one time a Government officer in Washington and was one of the witnesses to the Sickles-Key shooting affray.

DRAMATIC DOINGS.

The Several Varieties of that Well-Known and Amusing Animal, the Theatrical Critic.

If there were no stage, no plays, no actors, no theatrical persons or things whatever, there would be no theatrical critics. Other animals come into existence when and where they are wanted and under conditions favorable to their being.

For instance, if there were no water there wouldn't be any fish. If there were no generally diffused popularity in the case of rum and gin, there would be no distilleries. Finally, if there were no long-eared, gaping idiots in Brooklyn, there would be no Tabernacle and no Talmage.

Judged by this standard, the assertion that if there were no play and no actor there could be no critic to



The tearful Mr. Whimper.

pass judgment on them, would seem to be as true as the other statement, pretty generally acknowledged all over the world, that two and two make four.

It isn't so, however, with the dramatic critic. You are just as sure to find him in a small village out West where they never had anything more theatrical than a husking-heel or a dog-fight as you are in New York or Philadelphia or any other place in which the needy dramatic stomach is consoled by a free lunch.

In the good time coming it is more than likely that to be a dramatic critic either in fact or in purpose only will be catalogued as a very grave crime against humanity. Even now there are men engaged in the unhallowed business who are honest enough and upright enough to be heartily ashamed of it.

These do not constitute a very numerous class, but still they exist.

On the other hand, sad to say, there are hundreds of otherwise well-intentioned and pure-minded men who are criminally insane on this point. They are not only self-proclaimed dramatic critics, but they actually and loudly boast of the hideous fact.

The mind shrinks from contemplating the depth of



The business-like Mr. Squab.

moral degradation which must have been reached by anybody so lost to the sense of right and wrong.

There is, it goes without saying, no city in the United States in which so many persons, either for a salary or to make themselves feared, indulge to such an extent in the felonious luxury of dramatic criticism as

in this City of New York. The woods are literally full of them, and they are yearly becoming more and more serious as a nuisance. They compare, in fact, as a nuisance of rapid and dangerous development with typhoid fever and the tenement house question.

To find them and see them in New York the unin-



The dainty Mr. Flummery.

formed person would naturally go to a theatre the first night of a new play and wait, open-mouthed, to have these celebrated creatures pointed out to him.

The uninformed person would, in such a case, prove himself an ass and have all his trouble for his pains.

Not only is a "first night" a bad and inappropriate opportunity to see a dramatic critic, but it is an event which the true dramatic critic cordially disdains and very seldom graces—or disgraces—with his presence.

For it is one of the laws of the unwritten but traditional code of dramatic criticism that to write a just notice of a play or of an actor, you must carefully avoid the risk of seeing either. Some of the ablest dramatic criticisms, in fact, ever written in New York and published in New York papers were composed by gifted gentlemen who hadn't seen a particle of what they described or condemned, and who, if they had seen, would, for reasons too numerous to mention, have seen it double.

There are several very distinguished dramatic



The fascinating Mr. Guzzler.

critics in New York who do occasionally go to the theatre, as well as drink whisky with actors, and whose traits and characteristics are as strikingly distinct and different as the peculiarities of Mr. Barnum's famous Happy Family.

Take, for example, Mr. Willie Whimper, who writes long articles applauding his theatrical friends in the *Tribune* and calls the job "criticism." Mr. Willie Whimper (he is a kiln-dried little whiffet of sixty, but still they call him Willie) likes sad plays and dismal, not to say dire, acting only. He is happiest when he weeps, though nobody, so far, has ever solved the mystery of his perpetual sorrow except on the theory that his digestion has been ruthlessly impaired by strong drink and weak sentiment. He cries real tears at the shortest possible notice and, on the production of such novelties as "Hamlet" or "Richelieu," generally sops four clean pocket-handkerchiefs with the briny excess of his melancholy.

Sometimes Mr. Whimper isn't as sad as he is at others, and the marvel is always attributed by his friends to the supposition that he took a dose of pills

over-night—so intimately connected are the organs of Mr. Whimper's intellect.

Then there is Mr. Frank Squab, the neat and trim young gentleman who came from Palestine via Tetticoat Lane, and who learned French, of the conversational variety, by transacting a smart trade in Rhinestone jewelry with the nymphs of the Alhambra ballet. Everybody in the profession knows Mr. Squab, and no active and efficient advance agent ever feels quite comfortable about Mr. Squab's opinion of his star until he has given that shrewd little gentleman a few preliminary notes—to the value and credibility of which the guarantee of the United States is attached. At the same time Mr. Squab is beautifully impartial—when his best personal interests have been conserved. He speaks just as kindly of Lawrence Barrett and the Speaking Walrus, or gives equal fits to the "Seven Ravens" and a "slide" variety "ham" for the same good and sufficient reasons. On this account he is justly feared and respected by all the actors and actresses in the United States.

Quite a different kind of a party is Mr. Flummery, the sweet, dear, dainty young thing, who writes



The virulent Mr. Bang.

poetry and national anthems and things so beautifully and elegantly that his productions are read with the greatest interest and sympathy by all the small girls in Vassar College. Mr. Flummery isn't so horribly "low" that he writes for money. He would die first. He does it for love—and to be pointed out on first nights as the celebrated dramatic critic "Mr. Flummery." He wears the sweetest and nicest suit of full dress ever seen on a human form, and his legs are poems in themselves—thin and shaky poems like his own verses—but poems none the less. He goes out to dinner a good deal and likes best of all to sit in a stage box and take copious notes of the performance with a gold pencil on a little morocco-covered pad. Take him altogether, he is a very dear, dainty little luxury, without whom the American art of dramatic criticism would be a sterile and howlous wilderness.

Mr. Guzzler is quite another type—quite another. He is a proud but good-natured member of half a dozen so-called secret societies. If they were really



The provincial Mr. Giblets.

"secret" and had any mysteries to conceal they would have none for Mr. Guzzler—for he would give them away almost as prodigally as he does himself. He never writes a line. Indeed, if he did, he would have to hire somebody to read it to him afterward. He hasn't the first idea about the drama—or anything else for that

matter—except as a something connected with "a good time." He is as good-natured as the day is long, tells some awfully funny stories, knows all the innumerable scandals of the profession, calls every actor and actress by his or her Christian name (usually abbreviated) and is more cordially esteemed by every actor and actress than any other man connected with the American press. Why not?

Mr. Bang is just his opposite. For possibly on the face of this globe there lives nobody who so likes being himself disliked as the eminent and virulent Mr. Bang. He despises actors; he loathes the stage; he knows every play from which every other play was stolen; he has a faultless ear for music; he loves to make his fellow creatures miserable, and he writes the crudest English ever stabbed into the tough hide of a "dramatic artist."

It is a real pleasure to see Mr. Bang getting in his fine work on a first night.

Mr. Orestes Giblets, on the other hand, represents the provincial critic who says that Miss MacIntyre "done herself great credit by her rendition" of so-and-so, and who invariably speaks of the "little role being skillfully impersonated" by Mr. This-and-That. Mr. Giblets couldn't for the life of him write a "criticism"—the term he applies to advance notices—unless he wore a very broad-brimmed hat and assumed the carriage and demeanor of a dwarf cowboy. He drinks a good deal of beer and writes several plays in a month, and is not above paying for the one with fair tales about the other. He is very much approved of in towns like Squashville, Ind., or Jenkinburgh, Neb., but in New York he is usually lost in the vastness of the Isney all round him, as it were. He is more than pleased when a stray "supe" nods affably to him, and if he is in company with a friend he makes a point of identifying the "supe" as "My side-partner, Ned Booth," or "My old chum, Larry Barrett." He usually ends his strange but entirely harmless career by writing either an essay on the "Dramatic Art," or a critical review of Henry Irving's "Hamlet." His friends immediately rally round him at that point and after falling, very naturally, to make head or tail of his literary performance, put him, with great promptness and propriety, in the nearest and cheapest asylum for incurable idiots.

Of such are the dramatic critics of New York, Philadelphia and all the other big stands.

STAGE WHISPERS.

Good Lawd! Guy Carleton's "Memnon" is actually going to be produced!

Manager Gus Amberg, of the Thalia, has taken an interest in the Eden Musee.

Miss Edwina Booth accompanies her father on his trip here, and is at the Albemarle Hotel.

Freddy Gebhard is in Paris. The other pet, Li Chin, the Chinese monkey, is with Mrs. Langtry.

James A. Herne is looking for a new play. He has at last tumbled to the fact that "Hearts of Oak" is played out.

John McCullough is recovering. To an unprejudiced observer it looks as if all that John really needs is to be let alone.

And now Kate Castleton's husband No. 2 is hammering her again. These burlesque dames seem to "catch on" to darlings.

Emma Abbot's kiss may be best expressed by calling to mind the sound produced by drawing a gum shoe from a mud puddle.

There is talk of the separation of a young actress, popular here a few seasons ago, from her husband, who is also well known.

Harrigan & Hart, failing to get a house in New York, will take to the road. But we rather think that they will find a house to suit them.

Agnes Booth has continued to play with the "Wages of Sin" Company, though her health has been failing. She will shortly retire from the east.

Frank Mayo was knocked out recently, in Cincinnati, by a heavy snow-storm. Strange, considering Frank's familiarity with snow—and frost also.

"Love on Crutches" is enjoying a prosperous run at a New York theatre. Perhaps if certain other plays were put on crutches they would also run better.

The Rankins' benefit at Wallack's theatre on the afternoon of Jan. 15 was interfered with in point of attendance by a heavy rainstorm. The receipts were about \$700.

Mother of Moses! Here's a divorce case ("professional," of course), in which Harold Fosberg looms up as the co-respondent. Wonders will never cease even on the stage.

And what will the dudes do now, poor things? Billy Barlow and Topsy Venn are both reported to have gone into retirement for the purpose of making up small linen wear.

A new musical comedy is entitled, "A Cold Day When We Get Left." It may be a deuced sight more irrid for the landlord, though—especially if the troupe goes light on baggage.

Mrs. G. H. Gilbert has been quite ill of late. Agnes Ferring substituted for her as *Eudoxia Quattles* in "Love on Crutches" from Jan. 12 to 17. Mrs. Gilbert resumed her role on the latter date.

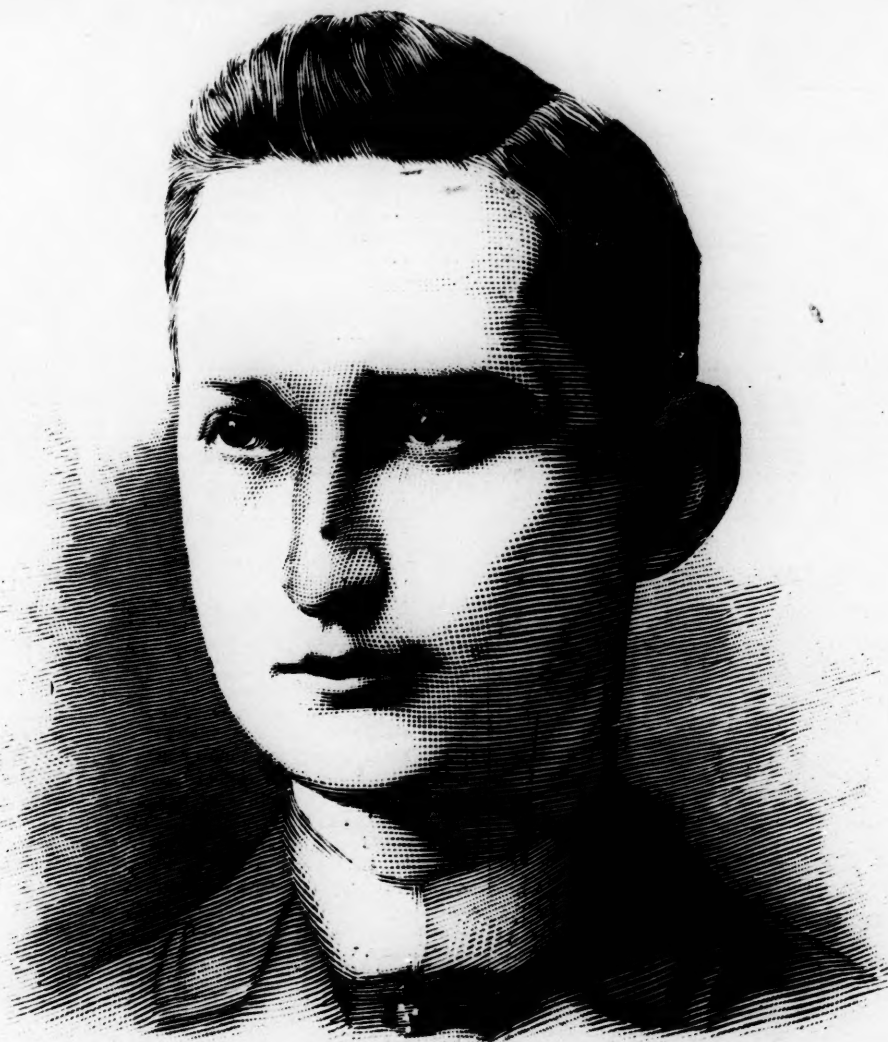
Gus Daly is to take his company as far West as San Francisco on their next summer's tour. They will play four weeks at the Bush Street theatre, and will probably jump from Chicago there.

A poor little creature, weighing only thirty pounds—a professional dwarf, has just died, giving birth to a seven-pound infant. The name of her husband was C. C. Roberts. He must be a proud man.

Dan Sully is simply knocking them cold in the South and West. Even fat, gouty and generally unpleasant old Dave Bidwell has come forward in a spontaneous letter and congratulated Daniel on his triumph.

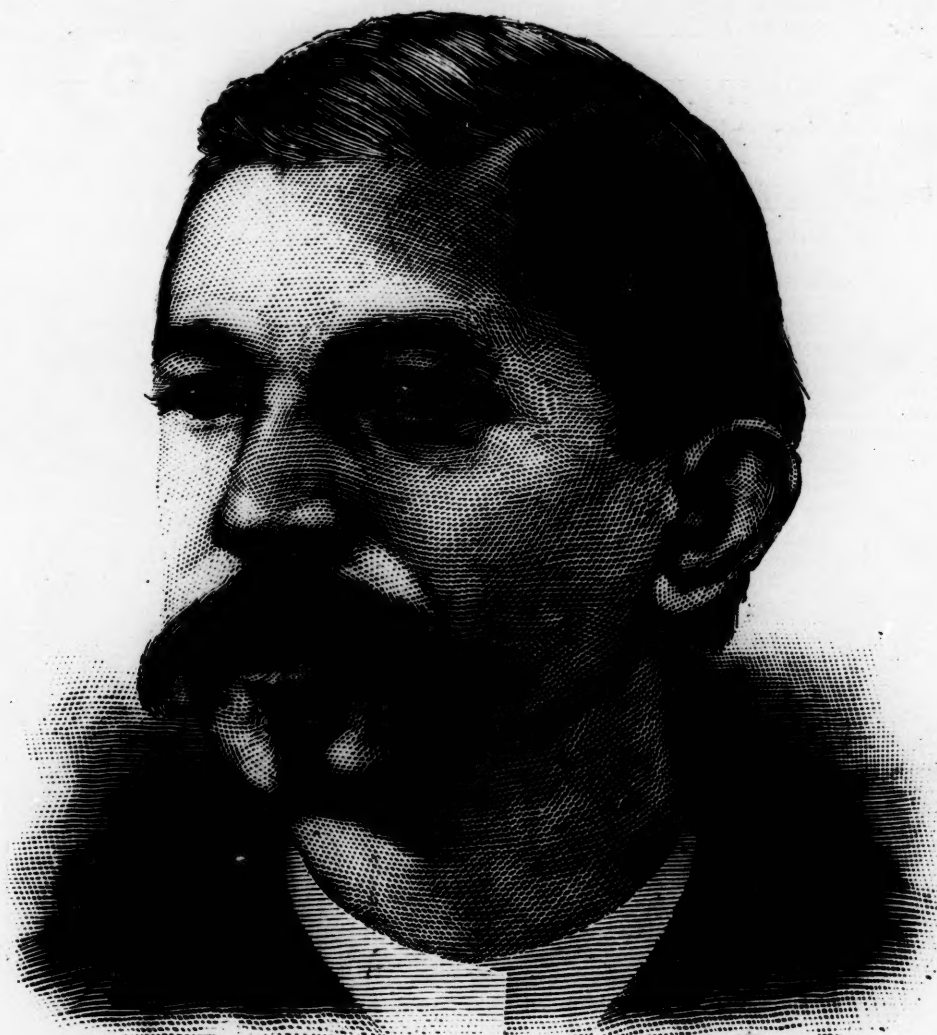
Fred. Lubin's new venture at Clarendon Hall will probably turn out an immense winner. Frederick is one of the downiest of living prestidigitators, and although much given to pleading poverty cuts a good deal of fat as he dodges through life.

Save yourself trouble and have your GAZETTE mailed regularly to your address three months for \$1.00. Richard E. Fox, publisher, Franklin square, New York.



JOHN EVANS,

THE WONDERFUL YOUNG MAN FROM BOSTON, WHO IS ASTONISHING NEW YORK BY HIS MESMERIC MARVELS.



L. A. PHILLIPS,

A WELL-KNOWN AND EXTREMELY POPULAR RESIDENT AND THEATRE OWNER OF BROOKLYN, E. D.



HUBERT EACETH,

A WELL KNOWN AND VERY POPULAR SPORTING MAN, OF LEXINGTON, MICH.

Louis W. Beach.

On the 6th of April, 1884, Louis W. Beach, a well-known and dissipated young physician in Hollidaysburgh, Pa., cruelly murdered his pretty and charming young wife. For this barbarous crime he will certainly be hanged on the 12th of February next.

Hubert Eaceth.

We give in this week's issue the portrait of

Hubert Eaceth, a prominent and well-known sporting man of Lexington, Mich. Mr. Eaceth is an Irishman by birth, who came to this country some twenty years ago, and by his industry and remarkable capacity for business has made for himself a snug fortune. Eaceth is probably better known in sporting circles than any other man in the Huron Peninsular.

L. A. Phillips.

L. A. Phillips, proprietor of the Germania theatre, Williamsburgh, is recognized as one of the most popular men in the Eastern District of Brooklyn. He is also proprietor of Turn Hall. It is his intention in the spring to remodel the Germania and make it the largest and hand-



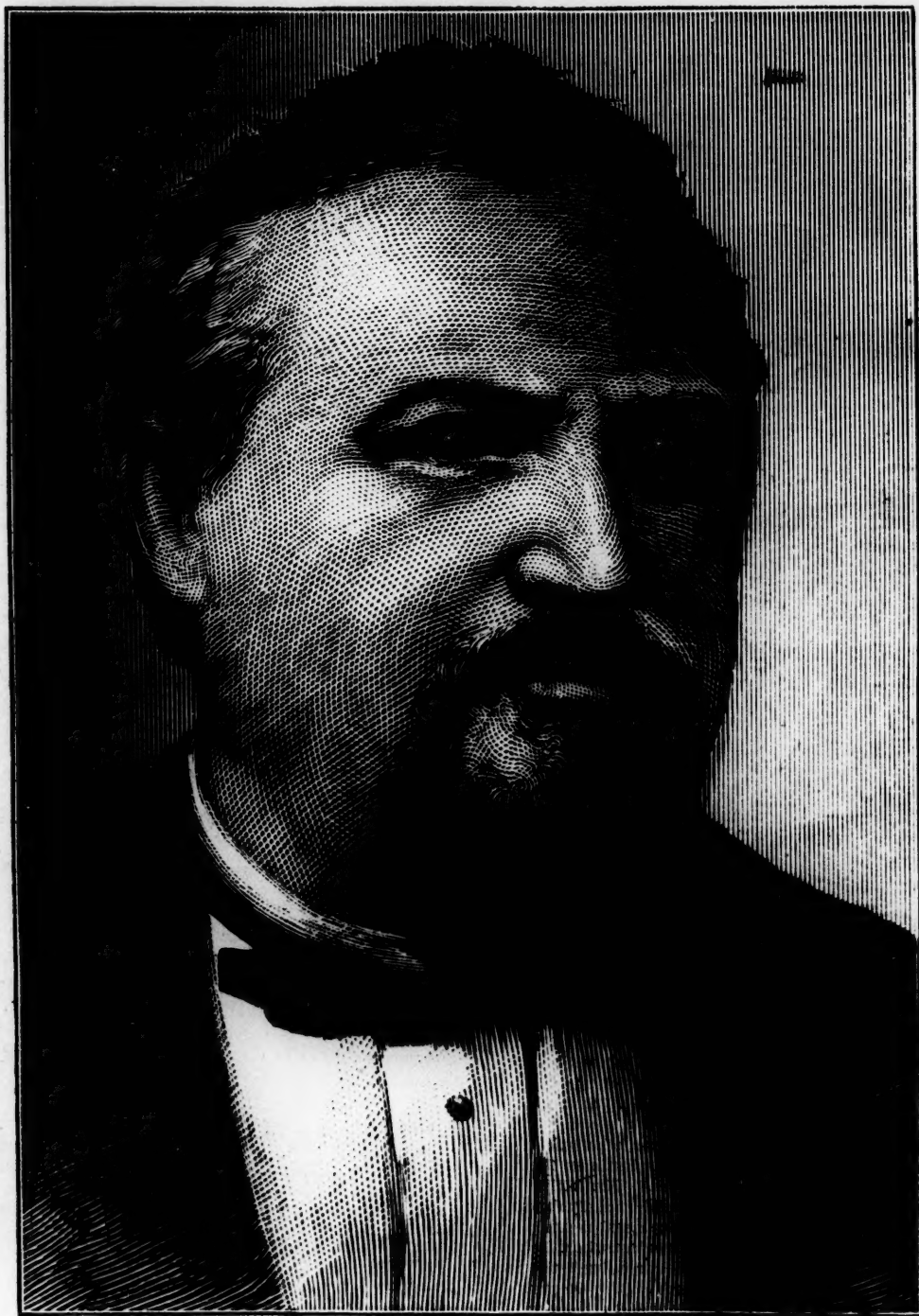
LOUIS W. BEACH,

THE COWARDLY MURDERER OF HIS WIFE, TO BE HUNG AT HOLLIDAYSBURGH, PA., ON FEB 12,

somest theatre in Brooklyn as a recognition of its present popularity and success.

John Evans.

We publish the portrait this week of one of the most remarkable young men in the United States. Born in Boston, Mr. Evans has lately astonished New York by some of the most wonderful feats of mesmerism ever accomplished in public. At a recent seance he achieved some results which in olden times would have insured his arrest and execution for necromancy.



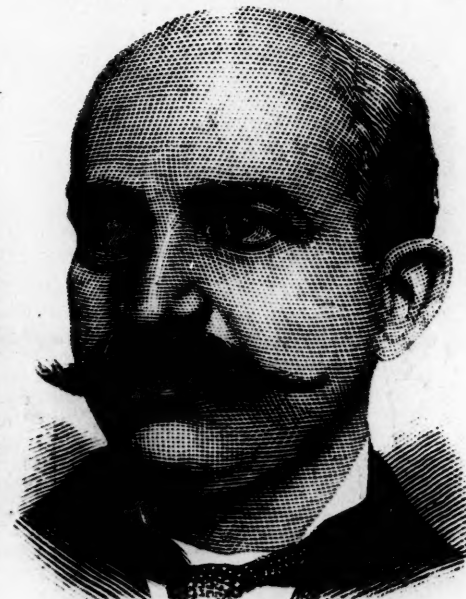
TOM FIELDS,

THE FUGITIVE MEMBER OF THE TWEED RING, WHO STARTED THE FASHION OF VOLUNTARY EXILE IN CANADA, AND RECENTLY DIED THERE.



JAMES HANEY,

A WELL-KNOWN KNIGHT OF THE FOOT-BOARD, RESIDENT IN JERSEY CITY.



N. MORRIS,

THE ENTERPRISING AND SUCCESSFUL PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER OF ALEXANDER'S MUSEE,



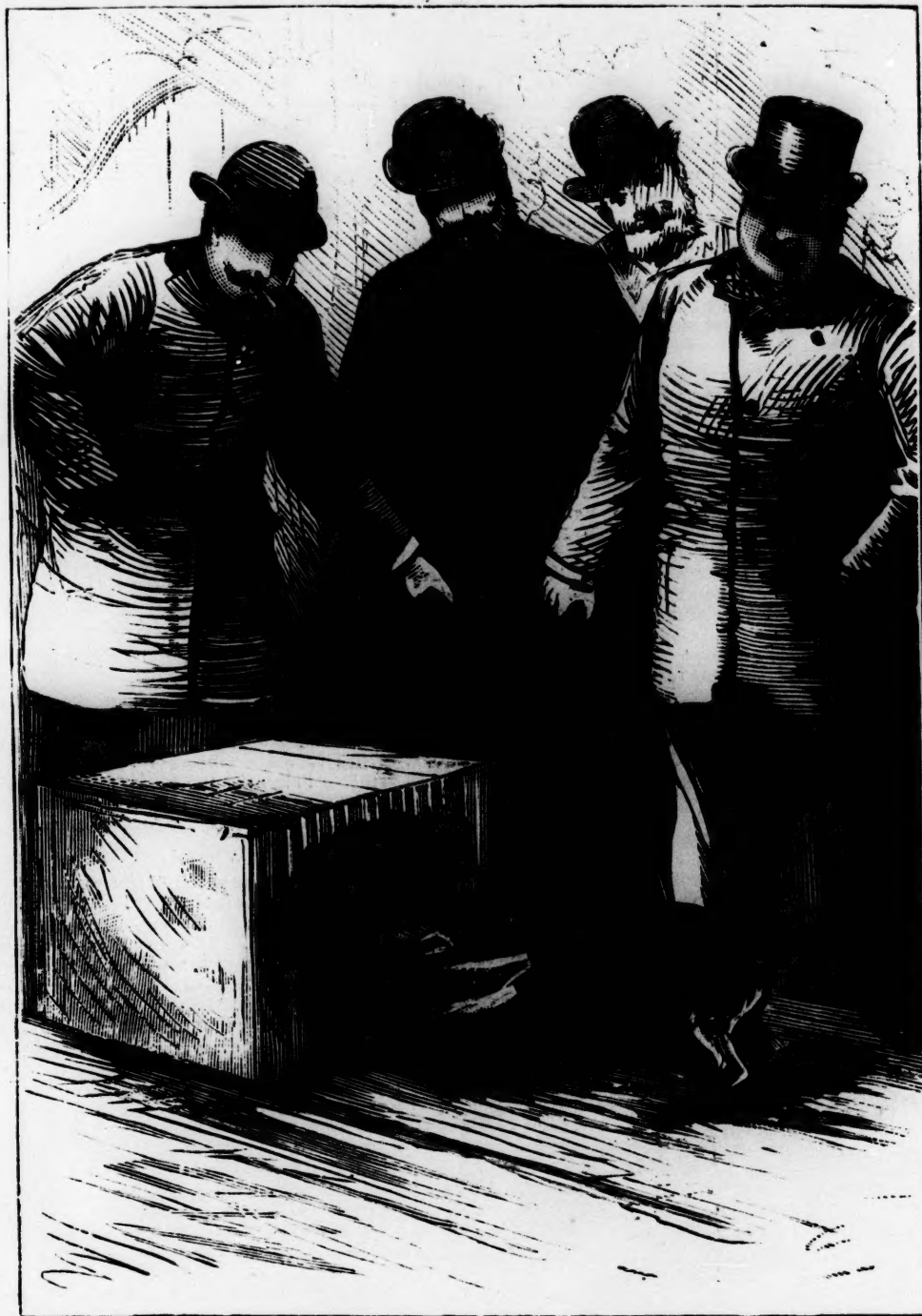
JENNIE YEAMANS,

THE CHARMING AND ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG SOUBRETTE, WHO HAS BEEN A STAGE FAVORITE FROM BABHOOD.

Jennie Yeamans.

Miss Jennie Yeamans was introduced into dramatic life by her mother, Mrs. Annie Yeamans, whose fame as a member of Harrigan &

Hart's company is national, at a very early age. She has been before the public for the last ten years as a soubrette and comedienne, and is at present playing in "The Rag Baby" on the road.



DRAWING A BADGER.

THE REVIVAL, BY A NEW YORK MILLIONAIRE, AT HIS COUNTRY HOUSE, OF ONE OF THE MOST ANCIENT OF ALL FIELD SPORTS.

Le Mout, the Florist.

There is no better-known or more highly-respected member of what may be called the artistic commercial world of New York than Le Mout, the florist, whose portrait we publish this week. Mr. Le Mout is, in every technical

and financial sense, a self-made man. Above all he is a liberal patron of sport and a generous friend of sporting men. Apart from the wonderful and superb floral decorations, for which his establishment at 172 and 174 Bowery is famous, it is a mecca of the best-known and most gentlemanly professors of all the manly arts.



THE MILLIONAIRESS AND HER BONDS.

MRS. GREEN'S FRANTIC APPEAL TO THE BELENTLESS ASSIGNEE OF AN INSOLVENT WALL STREET BANKING HOUSE.



LE MOULT, THE FLORIST.

ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL AND PROSPEROUS BUSINESS MEN CONNECTED WITH COMMERCIAL ART IN NEW YORK.

CITY SIDE-SHOWS.

The Hot Domestic Engagement in the Rafferty Family and a Youthful Snowball Fight.

A HOLIDAY IN THE RAFFERTY FAMILY.

Mr. John Rafferty, of No. 422 First street, Brooklyn, E. D., had a little family tea party the other night, which was rudely broken up by the police. Mr. Rafferty was badly broken up himself, and spent the night in St. Catharine's hospital. While Mr. Rafferty, his wife Mary, and her stepson, Peter, were sitting at the ten-table a dispute arose. Peter used some language which was not strictly parliamentary, and Mrs. Rafferty concluded her response by saying, blandly:

"Well, Peter, ye are a blaggard, and ye'll never be anything else."

Mrs. Rafferty states that Peter picked up a pitcher promptly and hit her on the head with it; that her husband flew to the rescue. Be that as it may, all accounts agree that the Raffertys were very much mixed up when Policemen Reilly and White ran up stairs.

The three Raffertys were bleeding, yet they resented the intrusion of the officers. Peter fondled a hatchet, and his father took a firmer grip on his club, as he asked:

"What do ye want?"

"We want to arrest the person who is responsible for



The Raffertys disagree.

this fight," said one of the officers, as he moved for ward and was followed by his comrade.

"Well, ye had better leave," remarked the old man, grimly.

The officers advanced bravely and the Raffertys presented a determined front. From various points the occupants of the tenement house watched the progress of the battle and urged the contestants on to fresh deeds of valor.

Clubs rose and fell in quick succession, the blade of a hatchet now and then caught the gleam of the flint oil lamp, and here and there everywhere waved the blood-red plume of John Rafferty. High above the hoarse voices of the policemen, the thud of falling clubs and the crashing of crockery were rose the fierce slogan of John Rafferty. Step by step the plucky policemen were forced backward and the spectators cheered wildly. Suddenly another officer, Peter Phelan, appeared on the scene. He was met on the landing by the Raffertys and knocked down. He regained his feet and with his brother officers made another charge. The Raffertys reeled from the shock. John Rafferty's slogan sounded less fiercely. Presently nothing was heard but the thud of the policemen's clubs and the groans of their vanquished opponents.

Three ambulances and a police surgeon arrived after the battle had been won. The surgeon did not know at first whether it was advisable to begin work on the policemen or Rafferty, but the officers with rare generosity gave way in behalf of their conquered foes.

John Rafferty was taken to St. Catharine's Hospital. He received thirteen scalp wounds, some from the clubs, others from Peter's hatchet. He is seriously injured.

Peter Rafferty was taken to the station-house. He received several scalp wounds.

Mrs. Mary Rafferty received several scalp wounds,



The police take a hand in.

and the surgeon extracted several pieces of glass from her head.

Policeman White received two severe cuts on the back of the head.

Policeman Reilly lost three teeth, which he says were knocked out with a hatchet.

Policeman Phelan was cut on the forehead and side of the face.

Each of the participants in the battle was covered with blood, and the room where the carnage raged



The procession to the station-house.

looked as if a package of dynamite had exploded there.

While the battle was in progress great excitement existed in the neighborhood. An immense crowd gathered in front of the house, and at one time a rescue of the policemen's prisoners was meditated. A squad of police arrived and restored order.

A BOYS' BATTLE.

Between the boys of the Tenth ward and those of the Fourteenth there is a deep, bitter feud. The former say that after school every day the lads west of the Bowery take occasion to "thump" the heads of all the little, weak, defenseless boys of the Tenth.

The other day the Tenth ward champions crossed the Bowery in force. Balls of dirty snow, hard as rock, and mixed with stones, splinters of wood and other solid substances, filled every pocket and reddened the hands of the invaders. Scouts were thrown out in front and on the flanks to look for policemen, and reported that no "cops" were in sight. Some of the best shots went ahead in search of the enemy. At first no foe appeared.

"All dem blokes is gone ter church," growled a disgruntled Tenth warder, blowing in his fingers and playfully overturning a garbage-box.

"No dey ain't," quickly answered the chief of the skirmish line, "dere dey are, at Spring and Elizabeth."

A tall lad named Everly commanded the Tenth ward cohorts. While he was giving a few final orders, telling the army to follow where they saw his red hair shine amid the ranks of war, the enemy took alarm and sounded a parley on a kazoo. "Curly," as the Fourteenth ward field marshal is known, sent an envoy under a flag of truce to the invading host.



The result of well-meant interference.

"What de blazes does yous fellers want, eh?" inquired the plenipotentiary.

"You'll soon find out," replied Everly. "Der's goin' ter be de biggest matinee dis old ward has seen in a month."

This answer convinced the Fourteenth warder that diplomacy could not avert a fight, and he ran back to the corner with a fierce yell and amid a shower of adamant snowballs. The Tenth ward legion charged. They were met with great spirit, and for some time the battle raged hotly. With a sickening tinkle the glass of the street lamps fell upon the pavement.

A middle-aged, dark-faced gentleman, who gave his name as John Smith, obstructed the course of a snowball which was traveling in a line level with his left eye. Mr. Smith was accompanied by a man with a yellowish overcoat and a high hat. This individual lent an air of pleasantness to the grim scene by his graceful efforts to extract from one of his ears a pound of fast-melting slush. A lady was hit in the mouth.

At last the Fourteenth warders got re-enforcements and drove their adversaries slowly back over the frontier. The victors followed to Delancey street, where it was proposed to settle the matter by a single-handed fist encounter between Everly and "Curly." An unbiased Sixth ward boy having consented to act as referee, the fight began. Several rounds had been fought when two neatly dressed young ladies did what none of the bystanders had thought of doing. They broke through the ring and forcibly separated the belligerents. "Curly" and Everly looked abashed as they mopped their bleeding faces with handkerchiefs that had seen cleaner days, and the war was for a time at an end.

Save yourself trouble and have your GAZETTE mailed regularly to your address three months for \$1.00. Richard K. Fox, publisher, Franklin square, New York.

A SPARROW FIGHT.

The Novel Form of Entertainment Enjoyed by Philadelphia Chinamen.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A sparrow fight took place recently in Philadelphia at a Chinese club-house at No. 219 North Ninth street. It was the third fight of the kind given at this place. Chong Wah keeps a Chinese store at No. 219, and Bun Sun Low has a little tin sign out over the side-door announcing that there is a Chinese restaurant inside. The store is simply a blind, and the restaurant is only run as a cover to the real business of the place, which is one of the most complete Chinese sporting houses in the United States. The gambling-room on the first floor, back, was cleared of all the furniture, and about seventy-five Chinamen crowded about an old extension table turned upside down, with the legs sawed off. The atmosphere was stifling.

When Bun Sun Low nudged his way through the crowd to the sparrow-pit he had a bird in each hand. Their wings were cut and their tails were cropped close. Their bills were almost white where they had been sand-papered to make their little beaks as sharp as a needle's point. The Mongolian spectators watched the birds and Bun Sun Low closely. One of the sparrows had a little piece of red ribbon wrapped around its leg to distinguish it from the other. Hop Chung Lung, who is one of the silent partners of the gambling-house, then sized up the birds with a sporting man's eye, and offered to bet ten "plunks" (dollars) that the bird with the red ribbon on its right leg would kill the other. There were no takers until Bun Sun Low had dropped the birds in the pit. The moment this was done the sparrow that had no ribbon on it plunged at the other and pecked a mouthful of feathers out of its head. This caused a chuckle all around, and Charlie Lee, the Tenth street laundryman, covered Hop Chung Lung's ten "plunks." This added fresh excitement to the fight. The bird with the red leg was the gamest, and made a lunge at his antagonist, plucking out his left eye. In another moment he pecked the other bird in the throat, and his needle-pointed bill did deadly work. The one-eyed bird toppled over and fell on the sand bed.

The excitement, although boisterous, was not intense. Charlie Lee reluctantly handed over the ten "plunks" he had lost, and Bun Sun Low gathered up the dead bird and the victor. Other fights followed, and when the fourth brace had fought for three or four minutes Chong Wah told Bun Sun Low to stop the fight, and the spectators were told the sport was over.

SHE PREFERRED TO SMOKE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

It was a "Bloomer" car rattling along up Washington street, Boston. It was scarcely half-filled, with plenty of room "forard." At Franklin square, a party of half a dozen ladies stood upon the corner, poking their sunshades at the driver. The car came to a halt, and the urbane conductor smilingly alighted and assisted his passengers to their seats. While he was thus employed another lady approached the waiting car, and, unobserved by him, slipped into one of the rear seats. The car started, and as the smiling conductor returned to his place on the rear platform, he discovered his new passenger.

"Madam," said the conductor, no longer smiling, "these rear seats are reserved for smokers. You must go forward."

"For smokers, is it?"

The bell rang and the car came to a stop.

"Yes, for smokers. You must go forward. Come, the car is waiting."

"An' is it go forward I must?"

"Yes, that's the rule. Come, hurry."

Six cars now formed a procession in the rear. Drivers were swearing, conductors hurrying forward to see what was the matter, and passengers were craning their necks out of the windows and speculating as to the meaning of the delay.

"An' these seats are for smokers?"

"Yes, they are. Come, hurry."

"An' I must move forard or smoke?"

"Yes, you must."

"Begorra, then, an' I'll smoke. Have ye a match?"

And the lady drew from her pocket a black dudder, which she proceeded to light, and leaning back in her seat puffed contentedly away. The conductor pulled the bell with energy and the procession moved on, but it was five minutes before he fully recovered his breath.

MRS. GREEN AND HER BONDS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mrs. Green, the richest woman and the meanest in all America, who lives on \$2 a day and wears clothes rejected by second-hand dealers, had over \$28,000,000 worth of securities in the safe of John J. Cisco & Co., who failed a few days ago.

It is stated that Assignee May made a formal offer to Mrs. Green of all her securities held in trust for her by the firm, with the exception of an amount sufficient to make good the outstanding loan the firm made to her husband, the ex-President of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. His loan amounted to about \$800,000 and this is secured by Louisville and Nashville bonds which have greatly depreciated in value, so that the firm would be a heavy loser if it should attempt to realize on them to make good the loan.

The firm claims that at the time the loan was made Mrs. Green gave the firm to understand that she would see that it was paid. The counsel of the assignee therefore advised him to retain such of the securities as would be sufficient to secure the loan. The assignee acted on this advice. The amount thus retained, however, would be but a very small part of the \$28,000,000 of securities Mrs. Green left in the hands of the firm for safe-keeping. When the assignee, in his gentlemanly way, made known his determination to Mrs. Green, it is said that that lady of business made a "scene" which will be grafted forever in the memories of those present. She burst into tears, and, as the story goes, sat down on the floor and burying her head in her hands cried for hours over the cruelty of the assignee. She declared that she had never guaranteed the loan, and that she should not be made to suffer for her husband's inability to pay it. The scene was very distressing, but Mr. May remained firm. Mrs. Green finally left the office, leaving the entire \$28,000,000 with him, fearing probably that if she took a part of the securities she would injure her claim for the entire lot. Mr. Green, it is said, was present during the interview, but did not interfere in any way. It is reported that he has been unsuccessful in his operations for two or three years, and to have dropped some money in an opium speculation some time ago.

Mrs. Green walked up Wall street the other day com-

fortably but poorly clad. She looked not unlike Mrs. R. B. Hayes, though the lines in her face are stronger. As she passed along people would turn and look at her. Those who recognized her would say to others who did not:

"Do you know who that is?"

"No."

"Hettie Green—worth \$30,000,000."

"Ah!"

This is probably the only kind of admiration she ever inspired. The controversy over the loan to Mr. Green and the retention of the securities it is thought may lead to litigation.

The full name of this remarkable lady is Mehitabel Howland Robinson Green. Her father was Edward Mott Robinson, of New Bedford, who afterward moved to New York and became a member of the firm of W. T. Coleman & Co. When he dissolved partnership with Mr. Coleman he went into Wall street and loaned money at usurious rates. He was a miser, and his room was furnished with an old pine table and a high post bedstead. He brought his daughter up in the way he lived and ideas of strictest economy were instilled into her mind when she was a child. So marked was the effect of his teachings that the characteristics of the father showed in the daughter even when she was a very young woman. He sent her to Saratoga one summer, and it is told she sat up on board the steamer all night rather than pay for a state-room. Occasionally she went back to New Bedford to visit, and it is said that she walked the streets rather than go to a hotel, and bought crackers and cheese at groceries for her meals. She inherited great wealth from her mother, who was Miss Howland, of New Bedford, and also from her father and a great-aunt. The latter left about \$3,000,000 worth of property, and her mother and father left more than double that amount. This was twenty years ago, and the \$40,000,000 which Mrs. Green is said to be worth to-day represents her accumulation added to the original \$3,000,000 or \$10,000,000. When her father died she sold the house in which they lived, but remembering some time afterward that she had left a half ton of coal in the basement she called on the purchaser of the house for its price.

DANCING TURTLES.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The New York turtle has lately tried to fit himself for everything but soup. He has learned to dance, to bow, to perform amusing tricks and to enjoy music. He has jumped, as it were, out of the frying-pan into the parlor.

The turtle is as teachable as the dog, and is probably the only animal that has learned to keep time perfectly and dance to music.

Prof. Fanning, the great dancing-master, has taught two snapping-turtles to dance the minuet and the german. He has another turtle, the pet of a lady in Fifth avenue, which he has taught to dance the can-can. This turtle rolls on its side in the dance and does high kicking. Prof. Fanning's chief difficulty has been in teaching his turtles the gallop, for they are so slow that they go through this rapid and dizzy dance in a very subdued manner.

The method of Prof. Fanning is to take a position in the middle of the floor, where he dances a few steps, and then the turtle dances them after him. In this way the turtle by patient endeavor learns the most complicated steps, and after one or two terms' instruction in dancing, is competent to dance in the ballet of any theatre in the city. In fashionable homes at entertainments the family turtle is usually placed on a center-table in the dining-room, and when the piano is playing he dances, to the amusement and delight of the assembled company.

Society pet turtles have their shells polished every morning by a domestic, so that they always look as handsome as a new comb. They have ribbons tied around their necks and to the tips of their tails, and when they get sulky they haul down their colors by drawing their ribbons under their shells. They are rapidly taking the place of pug dogs in the fashionable houses of the city, as every saloon in New York has a porcelain pug dog.

Walking matches between turtles are quite a sport among up-town slims. The turtles go through a course of training which lasts about six weeks. They are exercised daily by servants to take all the fat off them. They are fed on beef-tea and oatmeal gruel, and are given Bass' ale twice a day. They are put to bed every night at 8 o'clock and are awakened every morning at half-past five, when, after a light breakfast and a shower-bath, they run fifty yards. On the evening of the race, a course is made around the drawing-room, company assemblies, the turtles are placed in line, and at a given signal they start. Often a very swift turtle will go fifteen feet the first half-hour. They generally keep pretty nearly together, and are encouraged by their respective partisans. After traveling around the drawing-room two or three times in three or four hours the turtle which is ahead is declared winner amid general hilarity.

CAME FORTUNE'S FAVORS.

The last monthly drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery created considerable excitement here. Several Dallasites held winning tickets, and they, as well as numbers of others, are investing liberally in tickets with the hope that dame fortune may smile upon them. Among those who held lucky numbers were Mr. A. E. Hall, a salesman in Sanger Brothers dry goods establishment. He was the fortunate holder of the fifth of a ticket which drew \$10,000. Mr. Hall will invest again, for he firmly believes that in these drawings every man has a square deal. His little investment of \$2 netted him the snug sum of \$2,000 cool cash. Mr. Fred. Cheadle, a shoemaker here, was also fortunate in holding a fifth ticket that brought him \$2,000. Both the lucky parties are industrious, deserving men, dependent upon their labors for daily bread, and dame fortune's gifts were well bestowed. There were several smaller sums drawn here, and the result has been the formation of numerous clubs and the investment of many individuals in the monthly drawings.

"It would astonish you," said a gentleman yesterday to a Herald reporter, "how many ladies invest in these drawings each month, and the fun of it is when they draw a prize they never let the world know it. My wife, for instance, held a ticket last month that drew \$1,500, and you newspaper reporters never did get on to it. A friend of hers on a previous drawing got \$300. Oh, I am in for the lottery business from this time on, for I am satisfied of one thing, and that is, there is fair play all around. Everything is conducted on the square."—Dallas, Texas, Herald, Jan. 21.

One dollar sent to this office will pay for the POLICE GAZETTE three months, delivered by mail to your address.

NELLIE, THE NUN.

The Romantic Career of a Young Girl Who Went from the Convent to the Stage.

Early the other morning a young lady alighted from the Northwestern train in the Chattanooga depot, Nashville, jumped into a cab that was waiting for her, and drove to the residence of Mr. Charles Redmond, manager of the New Park theatre, on North Cherry street. Attracted by the fresh, piquant, attractive appearance of the girl, a reported called to see if she really belonged to the ordinary lot of variety actresses with whom the public is familiar. On being introduced, she was found to be Miss Nellie Palmer, or better known in Nashville audiences as "Nellie, the Nun." The readers of the Nashville American will remember that about twelve months ago, on her departure from that city, an account of her sensational career was published. A resident and native of Mount Clemens, Mich., and the daughter of well-to-do and highly respectable parents, she was at a rather early age sent to the convent of the Holy Name of Jesus, at Port Sarrah, Ont. She remained there four or five years, receiving the benefits of an exceptional education. At the end of that time, however, she began to tire of life within the convent walls, and longed to see and know the world as it was. During the vacation preceding the last year of her course at the convent, she was by one of her gentlemen friends introduced to one Mr. Warren Bondell, of East Saginaw, Mich., the proprietor of the theatre at that place. That gentleman, noticing that she had a roll of music in her hand, asked her to sing for him. This request she willingly complied with, and, being a theatrical manager, he noticed her critically and suggested that she would make a reputation on the stage if she would only apply herself.

This was the first time such a life had ever been thought of, and it at once took complete possession of her, and she decided that she would never remain another session at the convent. She obtained Bondell's address, together with his promise to furnish her with an opportunity of going upon the stage if she should ever make application. At the end of her vacation her father accompanied her to the convent and consigned her again to the guardians of that institution. She begged to be allowed to remain at home, to quit the school she had learned to hate, but to no purpose. She then remembered her friend at East Saginaw, and determined to put his promise to the test. During the vacation she had managed to accumulate a small sum of money, and with this, added to that which her father had supplied her as spending money, she quietly left the convent one night and hurried off to East Saginaw, to Mr. Bondell, who gave her an engagement.

Her flight from school, as might be expected, caused a great sensation there as well as at her home. Officers were put upon the track and every effort was made to overtake her. She stayed only a short time at East Saginaw, when she found it necessary to leave, in order to avoid being returned to her home, and, perhaps, to the convent. Well recommended, she went from one place to another, generally upon the variety boards, being nowhere allowed to remain long, and finally arrived in Nashville and was engaged at the old Buckingham theatre. There she was very popular and attracted large houses every night. She also won a warm place in the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Redmond, the proprietors of the theatre. After she had been there only a few weeks, however, her whereabouts were ascertained by the friends in search, and Chief Kerrigan received a telegram ordering her arrest. Detective Porter arrested her and turned her over into the hands of a relative at the L. and N. depot. After being taken home she remained there only a week, when her sister took her to Chicago to live. She remained there only a month, when she was stricken with pneumonia. She was sent back to her father's house and lay ill the most part of last summer. When she recovered she found that her conduct had injured the standing of her family and had lost to herself the associates of former days, and she determined once more to leave all and go again upon the stage and attempt to fight her way to the legitimate rank.

Having secured recommendations, she once more escaped from home and secured an engagement in Cleveland. Here commenced again a pursuit, and she went from there to Cairo. While at the latter place she arrived at her eighteenth birthday, which, according to the laws of her native State, makes her of age, and she decided to openly defy any attempt to recall her. Remembering her Nashville friends, she wrote to Mrs. Redmond some time ago, and, at the request of the latter, Mr. Charles Redmond wrote to Cairo, engaging her for the Park theatre as a song and dance artist. In appearance she is about the medium height, rather plump, and very graceful, with clear complexion, light-brown hair, which is short, and curly, blue eyes and pretty white teeth. In conversation she is quick, bright and very choice in the use of language, showing unmistakable signs of an excellent education and of varied accomplishments.—Nashville American.

E. L. MILLER.

[With Portrait.]

E. L. Miller first became prominent as a pugilist in Dubuque, Iowa, at the age of sixteen, through the many rough-and-tumble fights which he had there, besting every one in that way whom he came in contact with in that section of the country, and showing great staying qualities, also showing great points as a natural catch-as-catch-can wrestler, he was then and there pronounced by competent judges to be a natural born fighter. His first appearance in the 24-foot ring was at Mineral Point, his native place, where he faced Red-Handed Mike, of Fort Dodge, Iowa, in a six-round battle, which was decided a draw, Miller being conceded by all present to be the best man. His next appearance in public was in Omaha, Neb., with Jack Hanley (who is now serving a term of three years in the Nebraska penitentiary for prize-fighting), the occasion being Hanley's benefit. He next appeared in the same house with Paddy Ryan, who wanted him to join his (Ryan's) combination, and go to Chicago and locate, but he declined the offer on account of the position he held at that time. He next appeared with the late Jimmy Elliott's Athletic combination, at the Academy of Music of Omaha, his opponent being Bill McCuen, who at that time was the acknowledged

champion heavy-weight pugilist of Nebraska, for a gold medal, which was awarded to McCuen, but was afterward considered an unfair decision. He next appeared in a soft glove match with Jim Reynolds, a local pugilist of Canada, whom he knocked out in three rounds, which was governed by Queensberry rules. His next fight was in private and took place in a livery stable, lasting eighteen rounds, London prize ring rules, time 1 hour and 5 minutes. Both men were badly punished. The fight was awarded to Miller. He next met O. H. Smith, of Chicago, at Nugent's Theatre Comique, for \$100 a side, the fight to be to a finish, "Police Gazette" rules, which was stopped by the police in the twenty-seventh round, being a hard fight up to that time, both men showing wonderful staying powers. The fight was next arranged by their backers, Jack Nugent and Al. Master-son, for \$300 a side, which was fought with bare knuckles six miles north of Omaha, on the bank of the Missouri river, on the 29th day of March in a snow-storm, the thermometer being nineteen below zero, and lasted thirty-three rounds, "Police Gazette" rules governing, time 1 hour and 45 minutes. The fight was given to Smith on the claim of foul, but it was a fact conceded by all present, that Miller was the better of the two.

PULLING A BADGER.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There is a wealthy gentleman in this city, well on in years, who had a party of club men at his country seat last week, and told them he would show them some fun—something he hadn't seen himself for forty years. Everybody went out to the stable, followed by a servant, who carried two boxes, and had a terrier dog bounding and barking at his heels.

One of the boxes was an ordinary Apollonaris box, thoroughly greased inside and out, with the cover nailed on, and a small round hole cut in one side of the box. The other box contained a big gray badger, with broad chest and powerful claws. He was induced to climb through the round hole into the greased box, and the terrier was set at the hole. He barked and whined and snapped, and finally, when the badger's snout appeared, the terrier made a jump and landed on the inside.

"There it is, there it is," said the host; "that's the fun."

"What fun?" asked his guests. "We can't see anything."

"No," said the originator, "but you can hear it."

They did hear it. The terrier made all the noise he could and the badger helped. They slammed around inside, and produced the effect of a miniature earthquake trying to fulfill its destiny. By-and-by, as the company grew tired of that fun, the terrier's stumpy tail was seen backing through the round hole. It was closely followed by the hind legs, and soon the whole terrier came out, dragging the badger after him.

A ring was formed by everybody, and dog and badger got a fair chance. They were well matched and the battle resulted in favor of the dog only after an hour's struggle. When the badger was too hard pressed he jumped back into the box, only to be dragged forth again by the terrier, who soon discovered that the inside of a greased box was not his element. The terrier was highly praised, because not one in a dozen can kill a badger.

ENGINEER JAMES HANEY.

[With Portrait.]

There are perhaps no class of men in active daily life who have so much responsibility as railroad engineers. A master of a locomotive must have a good heart in the right place, a clear head, a firm, strong hand with a nerve of steel itself. Such a man is Engineer James Haney, who for eighteen years has stood in his engine-car under the most trying circumstances and safely carried to their destination thousands of passengers who have rode behind his iron horse. Engineer Haney is a native of the old town of South Amboy, where he still lives. Early in life he took to mechanics. It was the dream of his boyhood to run a railroad locomotive, and he was quite a young man when his hand first pressed the throttle for the New Jersey Transportation Company (which afterward sold out to Pennsylvania Railroad). In whose employ this faithful engineer has ever since remained. For more than fifteen years he has run between South Amboy and Jersey City in the best time made on the road. James Haney is an active and prominent member of the Brotherhood of Engineers in the Jersey City Division No. 53, where he is noted for his good nature and jolly companionship. His portrait is from a photograph by Ayers, on Newark avenue, Jersey City.

N. MORRIS.

[With Portrait.]

Mr. N. Morris, the proprietor and manager of Alexander's Museum, started in the museum business eight years ago at 37 Bowery. It was known as the European Museum, in which he had a small interest. He afterward opened the New American Museum, 190 Chatham Square, which was run as a museum for three or four months. Being an enterprising man with an eye open to business, and as walking matches were all the rage, he remodeled his museum as a walking arena, where many spirited running and walking contests took place. This proved a great success. He eventually sold out and opened the New York Museum in partnership with another gentleman, which he ran successfully for two years and a half and then sold out to his partner, and next opened one of the finest places in New York city, known as Alexander's Museum, 317 Bowery, which is fitted up in elegant style.

HARRY SMITH.

[With Portrait.]

The champion cowboy of Wyoming is not very well dressed, nor do his clothes fit him excruciatingly, but it is the opinion of his numerous friends that with a little training he will make his mark in the world. His weight is 135 pounds in fighting trim, and he has got away with everything that has shown up so far, and the cowboys are a pretty tough lot, too. The last fight he had was with "Bismark." It was a red-hot affair of fourteen rounds, when "Bismark's" second threw up the sponge. A few fouls were claimed by "Bismark" but not allowed. He is not ready to challenge any person yet, but when he is there will be lots of cash to back him.

Save yourself trouble and have your GAZETTE mailed regularly to your address three months for \$1.00. Richard K. Fox, publisher, Franklin square, New York.

LIFE IN THE ARMY.

How the Gallant Defenders of the United States Fare Out on the Frontier.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A correspondent of the POLICE GAZETTE sends us the following letter from a far western post of the regular army:

Knowing that all kinds of frauds have a holy horror of your searching illustrations I send you some material. If you publish them you'll have the everlasting regards of 18,000 soldiers. That's about all there are in the regular army, hardly any company being full. If they do get full the men soon desert. Why? We shall see. Two troops of cavalry here have each thirty-six horses. They should have seventy each. Where are the horses? The men deserted on them. Soldiers here have to work hard six days in the week. Then they attend drill and dress parade all day Sunday. What do they work at? Why, shoveling, picking rocks, making roads, chopping wood, sawing lumber, cutting logs for sawmill, building quarters, cutting wood up ten and eighteen inches long to fit the delicate officers' fireplaces too tiny to use coal (fifteen to twenty men for this alone every day), carrying the hod, and a hundred other kinds of dirty work too sickening to me to name.

There is not a well-drilled company in the West today. On account of so much work the men do not stay long enough to learn their drill. If a man grumbles at work into the guard-house he goes, charged with disobedience to orders, and conduct prejudicial to discipline, etc.

While out on a scout some three weeks ago, a man was dismounted on account of his horse having a sore back, ten others were walking for the same reason. He got in one of the wagons to ride and accident ally dropped his pistol out of his scabbard into the bundles out of sight, unknown to him at the time. Presently he missed the weapon, became excited for fear of a general court-martial, with the prospect of a year in prison, and jumped out of the wagon. He had walked back three miles when he met a column of mounted men and asked about his pistol. The reply he got was:

"Get on there, — your soul! (with other choice expletives known only to army officers), you sold it, — you!"

The man said he did not, on which the captain in charge rode up behind him, kicked him in his back more than a dozen times, then tied him with a lariat and had the first sergeant drag him along into camp four miles, right through a town called Mancos, while people were looking on.

Next day, when we got into camp, they fired him into the guard-house. The man will have to wait six months, likely, for a trial. Then he will get two months more for his papers of the trial to come back approved of from headquarters, then serve out a term of six months and forfeit \$50. That's military justice!

One time, about three years ago, we were on dress-parade at Fort Apache, A. T. The day was a fearful hot one. We were nearly out of breath passing in review, when the wife of the officer in charge called out as the wing I was in passed, where she was standing with a lot of other ladies:

"Trot them around again, darling! It makes the baby laugh!"

Her sixteen-year-old daughter called out:

"Mamma, do the soldiers eat hay?"

"Yes, darling, if there's whisky on it."

The army on the frontier is a fraud, a cheap labor institution. We had a fight with some Ute Indians last July. The bullets commenced coming fast. The captain took his two lieutenants and the bulk of the two companies and pulled out two miles away out of danger, and left twenty men to fight and suffer with thirst all day. We surely have got the bravest officers in the world. The name of the man I spoke of is Fred Curry, of Buffalo, N. Y. The name of the officer's wife is Mrs. Capt. Overton, the same Overton who got a general court-martial for ill-treatment of Trumpeter Delahanty. The first sergeant has just informed me I am to be made a corporal. I'll not stay long enough. I'd not give two burials in — for the position of any non-commissioned officer in the whole fraudulent concern. If any soldier here is ever fortunate enough to get into the infernal regions he'll meet these officers there and apply at once to the head devil for a job to heap up chunks on them. Don't wonder at my profanity.

A NOVEL PRIZE FIGHT.

A Philadelphian, just returned from South America, treated his friends the other day to a prize fight between a couple of insects of the mantis family, such as is common in Chili and Peru. Each mantis a hideous creature, looking like a twig, and called, in Spanish, the "stick insect," was in a small bamboo cage.

Placing the two cages in a ring on the table the doors were opened, while the audience waited with breathless impatience for the first move. It came from one of the insects that was of a brown hue. It was almost half out when the green legs of its rival began to wave gently, and soon both were clear of their cages, which were then removed from the inclosure.

At first they did not appear to notice each other, and moved slowly around the arena, until finally they met. Quick as a thought each mantis then threw itself into a position of defense. They seemed to drop upon their haunches like the Japanese wrestlers, raising the upper portion of the body high in air, and thus with their saber-like arms uplifted they remained like statues. Their stony eyes gave no clue as to their future movements, and for several moments they retained the position; then so rapidly that none of the observers witnessed the first movement they were upon each other. Swift and powerful blows were made, and for a number of seconds it was give-and-take, the rasping sound of the cuts being distinctly audible some distance from the table.

The brown mantis, that was a trifle the larger, finally by a side blow, knocked the other fairly upon its side, and in a twinkling was upon it. The fall was allowed, and the insects separated. At the commencement of what the audience called the second round, the green mantis rushed to the attack, evidently determined to force the fighting, and, at a single blow, struck off the first joint of one of its opponent's claws, whereupon blood was claimed and allowed. The brown mantis seemed at first demoralized and retreated, but soon recovered and delivered several blows, one of which rolled its adversary over and over with a force which, in two men fighting, would have been equal to one knocking the other twenty feet. The tactics of the insect were evidently to knock its opponent over and spring upon its back before it could rise; but the lost joint prevented this, and

the green mantis regained his feet almost immediately, again rushing in. This time the four saber-like arms became locked in a deadly embrace. Every inch was fought for. The rivals swayed to one side, reared themselves high in air, pushed, hauled and twisted in frantic efforts to overcome each other, and all the tricks of the human wrestler were displayed on this mimic field. The struggle was kept up for ten minutes, and as it was evident that they would retain it for hours, they were separated, when they again assumed the defensive attitude. There was no appearance of excitement, each insect apparently having the tenacity and nature of a veritable bull-dog.

The brown mantis now had to be pushed to the sateh, but once there it sprang upon the other like a tiger, but was laid upon its back by a blow from the green insect that was so rapid that it could not be followed, and before the larger regained its feet its antagonist was upon it. Before they could again be separated, to the astonishment of the lookers-on, it adopted new tactics, using its sabers as pliers, and raising its helpless opponent quickly into the air, where it knocked and swung its sabers about in rage and fear. The struggles of the brown insect grew less and less, but still the conqueror stood motionless, holding it above the ground, only dropping the body to the table when all signs of life had disappeared. It is said that considerable money exchanged hands on the result that was quite unexpected.

SNUFF-TAKING COMES NEXT.

Down in the Criterion, beneath Wallack's, where the British barnmaids, both literally and figuratively, mix drinks, a lot of would-be swell young chaps nightly gather and ogle the women behind the counter. These latter are not particularly trim or pretty, but they talk with a cockney accent, and are "so awfully English, ye know," that our empty-pated Anglo-manics have voted them "good form" and patronize the place extensively. The other night, a youth whose pride it is to be considered second to Berry Wall, the most duds individual in town, was lounging against the bar and surveying himself complacently in a mirror. He is a member of one of our oldest and wealthiest families. His father is a man of intellectual tastes; his mother is a refined lady, whose name is identified with every great social event in the metropolis.

"Ave yer seen is latest?" inquired one of the barnmaids. "Me dear," said the woman, beckoning the young fellow to approach, "schow tha gentleman 'ow you take the nawsy stuff."

Noting loth to exhibit his latest accomplishment, the dude drew a snuff-box, laid it with gold, from his vest pocket, tapped the lid several times, took a pinch of the contents with an affected flourish of the hand, then closed the box and swept it back into his pocket. He smiled a silly smile and then explained:

"It's a cold day when they get ahead of me, you know. I'm going to revive this habit, you know. In a month every man in town will be snuffing. They all copy me, you know. I set the fashions—ya-as."

JAMES KILEY.

[With Portrait.]

This promising young jockey was born Sept. 20, 1863, in Lincoln, Ill., and began his career in 1878. He rode his first winning race at Belmont Park, Philadelphia, Pa., on Florence Payne, 1 mile; time, 1 minute 45 seconds, beating Hatfield F. W. Higgins and others in 1878. In 1881 he rode for I. M. Simpson & Bro., winning the Criterion stake for two-year-olds on Stanton, and the following year, 1882, won the Chicago stakes for three-year-olds, 1½ miles, on Stanton. On July 4 he rode second to Gunner for the Derby, and won the 1½-mile race with Stanton, beating Mary Corbett. The same year, 1882, at Brighton Beach, he won the 1½-mile and 1¼-mile on Pope Leo. In 1883 he rode second to Drake Carter on Aztec for the Pickwick stakes at New Orleans. In 1884, at Chicago, he won three-quarters of a mile on La Belle. At the same place he won three-quarters of a mile on Avery. The coming season he is engaged as first jockey for a prominent stable in Kentucky.

THE LOCO WEED.

Peter B. Freer, formerly ticket agent for the Sunset route, San Antonio, Texas, died in the State mad-house at Austin. He was from Rome, N. Y., where his family reside. The direct cause of his insanity is not known, though dark hints are made that a fatal draught of the poison, Spanish-Mexican loco tea, was drunk by him. Of this tea the Mexicans say it only takes one draught to render a man insane, and all the stages of insanity, mild, violent and finally an imbecile before death, are sure to follow. It is made from the loco weed, a plant similar to the Northern milk weed, which grows on our Texas and Mexican prairies, is of a light-greenish color, and when broken furnishes a milky sap. It is said that horses, cattle or sheep eating of this weed become insane, or locoed, as the Mexicans say, and death very soon ends their suffering. It is a very subtle poison, hard to detect by chemists, and its work sure.

HE HELPED THEM ACROSS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On one of the fearfully "blowy" days of last week two young girl-graduates of Packer Institute stood on the bridge of size which connects New York and Brooklyn, not at midnight, but about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The gale howled so furiously that they were afraid to venture out on the exposed structure, upon which a stalwart member of the bridge police snugly tucked one of them under each arm and thus bravely and swiftly transported them from Brooklyn to New York. The remonstrances of the two maidens—if they uttered any—were drowned by the hurricane, and quite a crowd stood in the streets below to witness the amusing spectacle.

CHARLES H. CAUSTIN.

[With Portrait.]

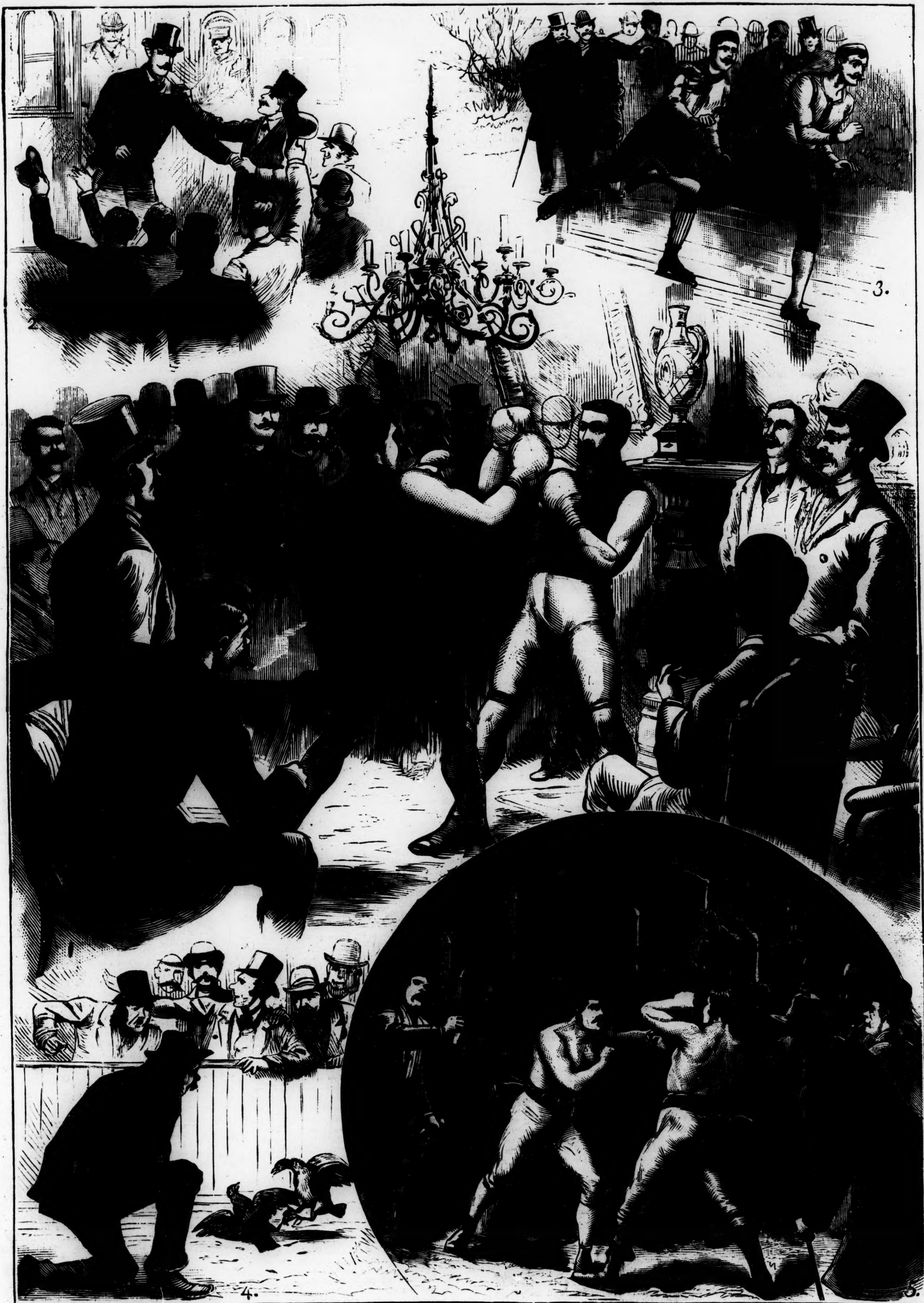
Chas. H. Caustin, the champion long-distance heel-and-toe walker of Illinois, was born in the town of Stark, Herkimer county, N. Y., Jan. 29, 1832, and by trade is a stone-cutter and stone-mason.

HORNFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

MARKED BENEFIT IN INDIGESTION.

Dr. A. L. HALL, Fair Haven, N. Y., says: "Have prescribed it with marked benefit in indigestion and urinary troubles."

One dollar sent to this office will pay for the POLICE GAZETTE three months, delivered by mail to your address.



THE SPORTING FIRMAMENT.

AN INTERESTING AND DIVERSIFIED MELANGE OF THE MANLY AND OTHER SPORTS OF THE PAST WEEK.

I.—The Drawing-Room: Fight Between Van Brunt and Roosevelt. II.—Ryan's Reception in Troy. III.—Myers Running Against Pfaff, Jr., Skating, at the Mahattan Athletic Club Grounds. IV.—Cock-Fight at Troy Between Albany and Rensselaer Birds. V.—Fight, by Candle-Light, Between Nobby Clark and Timoney, at Boston.



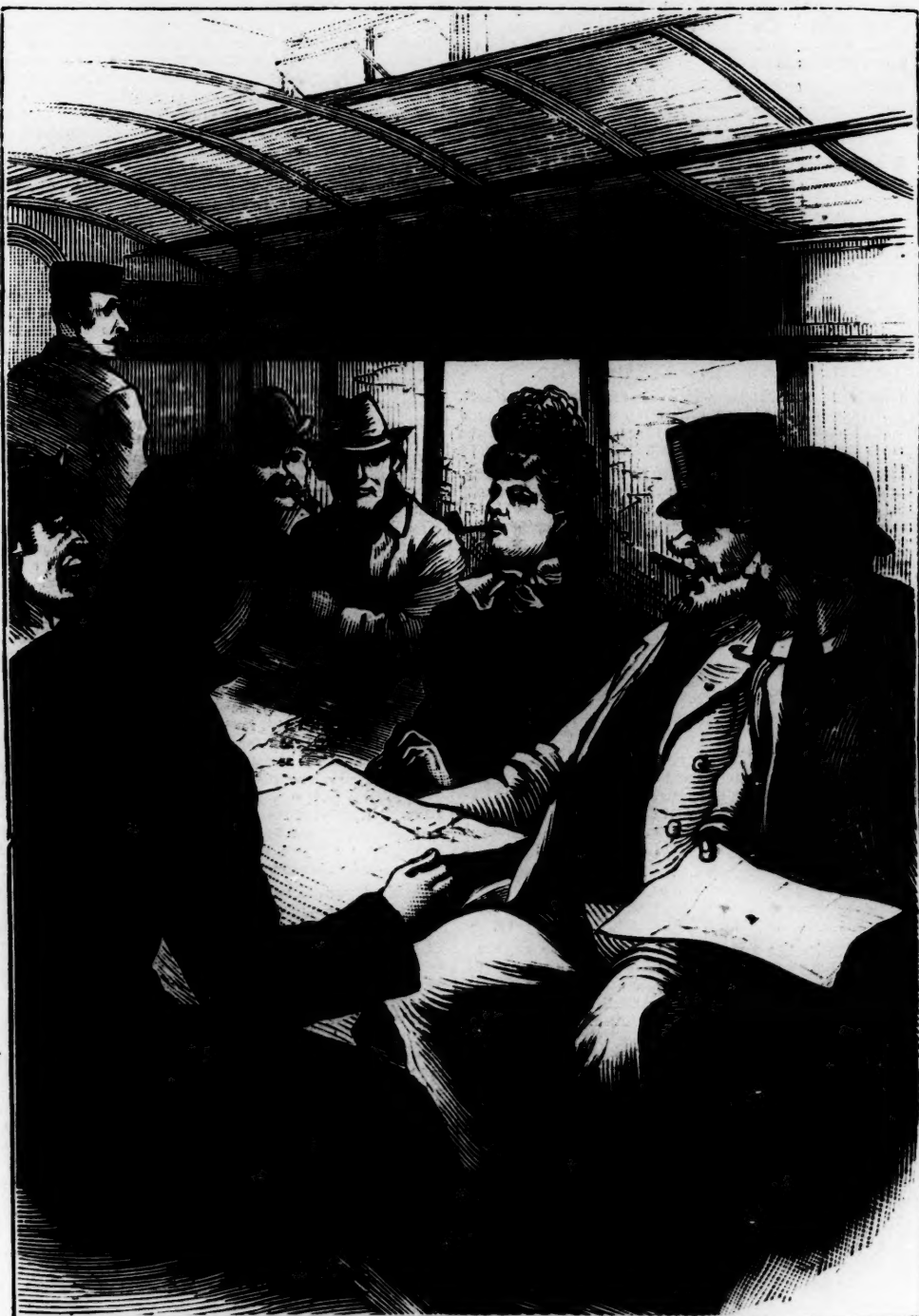
TERPSICHOREAN TURTLES.

PROFESSOR FANNING, OF NEW YORK, TEACHES A PAIR OF REPTILES TO THREAD THE DIZZY MAZES OF A WALTZ.



BURNING THE WHITE DOG.

AN INTERESTING RELIGIOUS CEREMONIAL PRACTICED BY THE ONONTAGA INDIANS AT SYRACUSE, N. Y.



SHE KNEW WHAT SHE WANTED.

A RESOLUTE BOSTON LADY INSISTS ON HER RIGHT TO HAVE THE PRIVILEGES OF A "SMOKER."



A SPARROW FIGHT.

A DECIDED INNOVATION IN THE SPORTING LINE INTRODUCED BY CHINESE GAMESTERS IN THEIR CLUB-HOUSE AT PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

The Magnificent Set-To in a Fifth Avenue Drawing-Room Between Two Up-Town Swells, and Other Events.

The report published that Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan had a turn-up at the Coleman House, in this city, on Jan. 20, while dividing the receipts of the Madison Square Garden boxing contest was a hoax. Sullivan never met Ryan after he left Madison Square Garden, on Jan. 19.

John L. Sullivan while out driving at Boston, on Jan. 22, met with an accident. On Beacon street the horses became frightened and they ran away, throwing him from the vehicle. He was severely cut about the head and received other injuries. The vehicle was smashed long before the horses were stopped.

All arrangements have been made for the glove contest between Alf. Greenfield and Jake Kilrain, of Boston. The men are to meet in Union Hall, at Cambridge, Mass., on Feb. 9, and box four rounds, "Police Gazette" rules. The winner to take sixty-five and the loser thirty-five per cent. of the gate receipts.

A slashing glove contest, according to Marquis of Queensberry rules, 3-minute rounds, with 1 minute intermission, occurred at the rooms of the Fair Play Club at Lawrence, Mass., on Jan. 21, between Martin S. Lee, of Haverhill, and Cornelius Toomey, of Lawrence. Mr. Kerrigan, of Boston, was referee. Eighteen rounds were fought, when Toomey was knocked out of time. An exhibition match also occurred between Kerrigan and McDonald, feather weights, of Boston.

Patrick Cleary and Alfred Nichols, two pugilists of last year's only fight in the armory at Nantuxet, Pa., on Jan. 27, with gloves, "Police Gazette" rules, for \$100 a side. Nichols, who had got the better of his opponent in the first two rounds, was rushed upon by Cleary in the third round and thrown over the ropes. A genuine fight ensued, and Chief of Police Peter Conroy jumped upon the stage, demanded the gloves, and threatened to arrest the combatants. This brought the fight to a close. The referee, amid great excitement, decided it a draw.

In a sporting saloon on Elliot street, Boston, on Jan. 22, several sporting men engaged Sullivan by their unfriendly remarks, and he thrashed a man named Hodgkins and knocked Delmore out. The fight then became general, but continued a short time only. The bartender, Maurice, drew a revolver, the sight of which, with the prompt arrival of eight policemen from Station 4, restored quiet, but not until all the sports present were more or less hurt. When the police came Sullivan was hurried from the saloon through a rear door by his friends. Delmore was carried to a bar-room across the way. Both of his eyes and his whole face were found to be badly mutilated. He was restored to consciousness.

There was a slashing glove contest in a room in Court street, Boston, on Jan. 23, between Ted Timoney and Nobby Clark, both veterans of the prize ring. The pugilists fought according to "Police Gazette" Revised rules, to a finish, for \$150. Both contestants are light weights, each dipping the scales at about 125 pounds. In the first round no perceptible advantage was gained by either man, and neither was badly punished. In the second round Timoney led off with a good stiff blow. Clark threw up his elbow, catching Timoney's forearm, and nearly breaking that member. Timoney was then carried to a back room, and a doctor was summoned. Clark was pronounced the winner, and the \$150 was paid over.

On Jan. 23 Martin H. Bowman had a turn-up with Prof. John Long, the retired pugilist and teacher of boxing, and Long was terribly punished. Bowman also had his left eye blackened, his chin cut and forehead bruised. A warrant was issued for Bowman and he was arrested and held for trial. The following is Bowman's version of the affair. He says he went with his brother Thomas and a man named Perry, who lives in Brooklyn, to Abren's, at 23 East Seventeenth street. There they met Prof. Long and Jim Connolly. They all talked pleasantly till the professor began to discuss the Sullivan-Ryan fight. Long said he could whip Martin. "You'll have to kick me up, too, then," Tom remarked. Then Long, Martin says, knocked him down three times. Tom, he says, was told down by another man while Connolly kicked him.

John L. Sullivan, with Dan Murphy and Tom Delay, arrived in Boston on Jan. 23. He was interviewed at the Union depot by a Police Gazette correspondent in reference to the glove contest with Paddy Ryan. The champion said: "I could have beat Ryan easily. I thought it best to let him. I made a short lunge at Ryan to find out if he had improved any since I had met him before, and to my surprise he came at me with a rush, like a bull at a bare gate. But as soon as I could straighten myself out I let go right and left, and in the rapid exchanges I delivered my right on his neck. I got there with only half of my blow, and that seemed to daze Ryan. In the clinch I thought he was going to try and throw me, and I was prepared to show him that I had learned a wrinkle or two in wrestling since we met before. I will box or fight Ryan at any time or place for fun, or for not less than \$5,000 or \$6,000 a side. But it must be with gloves, for I don't intend to fight with bare knuckles again and run the chances of getting sent to State Prison. If I will Ryan after my go with Donaluk McCaffrey I will retire and become a peaceable citizen, and settle down and attend strictly to business. Sparring exhibitions in Madison Square Garden are played out."

After the unsatisfactory ending of the glove contest between John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan, at Madison Square Garden, on Jan. 19, Joe Coburn issued a verbal challenge offering to match an Unknown against either Sullivan or Ryan for \$5,000 a side. A great deal of curiosity existed regarding who might be the Unknown Coburn was so eager to pit against the champion. On Jan. 21 Capt. James C. Daly, the Irish-American athlete and well-known pugilist, called at the Police Gazette office and announced that he was the candidate Coburn was eager to enter in the arena and battle for \$5,000. Daly's backer deposited \$250 with Richard K. Fox and left the following challenge for publication:

New York, Jan. 24, 1885.

To whom it may concern: Having failed to induce any of the many pugilists who claim to be champions to meet me in the arena since I met Joe Pendergast and Hial H. Stollard, I have now decided to give these champions another opportunity to fight, either with or without gloves, for a large sum and the heavy-weight championship of America. I will arrange a match to fight Paddy Ryan, of Chicago; Charley Mitchell, the English champion; Alf. Greenfield, Jake Kilrain, Dominik McCaffrey, or any pugilist in America except John L. Sullivan, according to the new rules of the London prize ring, for from \$1,000 to \$5,000 a side and the championship of America. The fight to be decided in five or three months from signing articles of agreement, within 100 miles of New Orleans, La. Richard K. Fox to be the time stakeholder. If he will not act in that capacity, my backer and myself mean business and to prove it he has deposited \$250 at the Police Gazette office for any pugilist engaged to arrange a match to cover. Hoping that one of the many champions who appear so anxious to fight will cover my money and appoint a time for signing articles, I remain,

JAMES C. DALY, Champion Irish-American all-round athlete of the world. Daly and his backer are in earnest and eager to rally a match with any pugilist in America except Sullivan, and if the backers of Paddy Ryan and Donaluk McCaffrey are eager for a match there will be no difficulty or any obstacle in their way to prevent them from doing so. Daly's backer is well supplied with funds and is perfectly willing to risk \$5,000 on Daly's chances of defeating any pugilist in America, providing Daly places himself under the care of Joe Coburn, which he has consented to do.

Daly stands at over 6 feet in height, weighs over 200 pounds and has never engaged in a regular prize ring encounter, but has fought several times with small gloves and defeated Joe Pendergast, the Brooklyn Hercules. His sweeping desire to fight all pugilists except John L. Sullivan will create considerable interest in sporting circles, and it is more than probable that the backers of Paddy Ryan will pick up the gauntlet and arrange a match.

There has been many a female boxing match between amateurs expert and well tutored in the many art of self-defense in all parts of the country, and now the sporting world is to be treated to a great sensation in the shape of a glove contest for \$500 a side and the female championship of America. Some time ago Hattie Stewart, of Norfolk, Va., who displayed considerable strength, science and agility as a boxer, arrived in this city and engaged several female pugilists who dared face her in the orthodox

24-foot ring. She offered to box any female in America for the championship, but although Miss Alice Jennings, Daisy Daley, Carrie Edwards and other female exponents claimed the title, they refused to face her in the arena. In the meantime Hattie Stewart secured profitable engagements at the various variety theaters, boxing with her husband, Dick Stewart, when another candidate for the female boxing championship loomed up at Cleveland in the person of Miss Annie Lewis, who gained considerable notoriety by conquering not only female exponents but by proving her supremacy over males. Annie Lewis made such a reputation at boxing, that a noted sporting man of Cleveland issued a challenge offering to match her against any female pugilist in America to box according to "Police Gazette" rules for \$500 a side and the female boxing championship of America. The duel was backed up with \$100, and proved that the Cleveland Slasher, as she is termed, was in earnest. Hattie Stewart at once forwarded \$100 to the Police Gazette office and accepted Miss Lewis' challenge. Representatives of the rival female champions met at the Ricketts House, Milwaukee, on Jan. 24, and after a long discussion in regard to rules, place of meeting, etc., forwarded an additional \$150 to the Police Gazette office and arranged a match. The following are the articles of agreement:

Articles of Agreement entered into this twenty-fourth day of January, 1885, between Marian Annie Lewis, of Cleveland, Ohio, and Miss Hattie Stewart, of New York. The said Marian Annie Lewis and the said Hattie Stewart do hereby agree to box eight rounds, with soft gloves, according to "Police Gazette" Revised Queensberry rules, for the sum of \$500 a side, the champion ship of America and two-thirds of the gate receipts, the loser to take one-third, at New Orleans, La., Sunday, Feb. 22, 1885, Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the Police Gazette, to be final stakeholder and appoint the referee, and the latter's decision shall be based on the one having the best of the contest at the end of the eight rounds.

In pursuance of this agreement, the sum of \$250 a side is now posted with Richard K. Fox, and the final deposit of \$250 a side must be posted in the hands of the final stakeholder on Saturday, Feb. 8, 1885.

JAMES COLLINS, ANNIE LEWIS, DICK STEWART, HATTIE STEWART.

Annie Lewis, the celebrated female boxer, was born in Chemung county, New York, Oct. 29, 1858. She went to Cleveland in the fall of 1883. She is a tall, stately woman of masculine bearing, and walks with a firm, decided step. Her form is as straight as an arrow. She has a pleasing face, her lips are thin and firm, and her eyes clear and piercing. Her hair is of a bright auburn hue, and is worn banded. The muscles of her arms and chest are as hard as iron. A wiry bundle of muscles, lying from the collar-bone to the armpit, stand out in great prominence. The measurements of her body are as follows: at the shoulders, 30 1/2 inches; arms, 13 inches; breast, 38 inches; forearm, 11 1/2 inches; waist, 33 1/2 inches; hips, 41 inches; thighs, 21 inches; knees, 15 1/2 inches; calf, 14 1/2 inches. The length of arm, from shoulder to the knuckles, is 26 inches. She is now twenty-eight years of age, 5 feet 6 inches tall, and weighs 155 pounds.

Hattie Stewart was born at Norfolk, Va. She is twenty-three years of age, stands 5 feet 6 1/2 inches in height, and weighs 140 pounds. The measurements are as follows: at the shoulders, 40 inches; forearm, 13 1/2 inches; waist, 33 inches; hips, 42 inches; thighs, 23 inches; knees, 14 1/2 inches; calf, 13 1/2 inches; length of arm, 27 inches. It is understood the contest between the Cleveland Slasher and the Norfolk Wonder will take place on the base ball grounds, New Orleans.

In a drawing-room on Madison avenue, on Jan. 21, John Roosevelt and Rutgers Van Brunt, the former a member of the Union and the latter a member of the Knickerbocker Club, engaged in a glove contest merely to decide the question of supremacy. Roosevelt had graduated at Oxford University in England and boasted of being the heavy-weight champion of that famous seat of learning, while Van Brunt had gained laurels as a boxer at Harvard. A select crowd assembled to witness the mill and among those present were Howard Robbins of the Union Club and Lord Charles Pelham Clinton. Edward Livingston, of the Union Club, was selected referee. Van Brunt is rather taller than his adversary, but is less heavily built. He weighed 175 pounds. His suit was a regular ring costume, bare arms, knitted shirt, tight trousers to the knees, and legs bare from there down to the tops of his regulation boxing shoes. Where the trousers stopped his leg bulged out in a manner formidable to behold, and his arms were made to match. He wore Harvard colors. Mr. Van Brunt has a handsome face adorned with a short brown beard. Mr. Roosevelt also is handsome. His complexion is fair, and a blonde mustache played and curled around his mouth. All the rest of his whiskers were gone. He is different in build from Van Brunt; short and thickset, with a deep chest, and weighed 200 pounds more. He also was in ring costume, with white shirt and trousers, and his muscles rose up and down and squirmed around on his arms and legs. When the rivals had shaken hands with each other and everybody. Mr. Livingston, the referee, stepped into the hall and held a hasty conversation with one of the trim maids. The result was six towels and two glasses of water, which were placed half beside each chair.

"Gentlemen," said the referee, "you are to spar a friendly match for points, to consist of four 3-minute rounds, with a 1-minute interval between rounds, under the Marquis of Queensberry rules." Each man pulled on his gloves and smiled at his friends. "Time," said the referee. They shook hands with all the abandon of old pugilists and then sprang back. The friends held their breath, waiting for some one to be hit. Van Brunt was the man. He got it lightly on the chest, and rapped his rival on the nose before the right could get away. Everything was even; one point each. The point business was kept up about 7 seconds, and the men's science seemed even. The eighth second brought a whack on Van Brunt's ear that reminded him of slugging. A blow on the nose and another on the neck left no doubt in his mind that it was slugging. He held up his arm for time, and said to the referee: "How's this, are we going to slug or spar for points?" "It's all right," said the referee. "Go ahead under the Marquis of Queensberry rules."

That was all Van Brunt wanted to know. He sailed in, and no one paid any more attention to points. Van Brunt struck Roosevelt a straight-out blow in the ribs, and as soon as the latter had gasped he returned again to the ear he had first struck and landed on it a swinging blow that made it ring until the end of the performance. At the end of the three minutes the men were locked together and punching each other's mouths and faces with feeble energy. They reluctantly let go and sank into their chairs. The ring of friends split in two, half surrounding Roosevelt and half Van Brunt. Some held water to the men's mouths, and gave them more when they had rinsed their throats. Others rubbed their faces, necks, and arms, and still more one had if he only stuck to it. This they fervently believed, and began again with fresh wind and an utter disregard of each point as to do not leave a mark. Van Brunt began by reversing the ringing in his ear, and got up a corresponding ring in Roosevelt's ear. A dozen quick exchanged blows followed, and Van Brunt found the red blood trickling down in abundance, and making his beard look like Rosin's. This made the gloves bloody, and rendered the fight complete. It excited Roosevelt's friends to yell that not even prudence could restrain Van Brunt struck with might; and main to get some of Roosevelt's blood. He didn't get it, but blackened his eye instead. Then Van Brunt smiled with satisfaction, and it was the turn of his friends to yell. The hard fighting continued, and at the end of the round both men were very weak.

If the men's knees were a little shaky when they went at it again, their spirits were not, nor their arms either. The first minute's fighting changed things a little, but one man was just as groggy as the other. Van Brunt's admirers assured him it was more of a dead sea than thing than ever, and when Roosevelt recoiled this by deftly placing both gloves upon Van Brunt's lips, his friends smiled and took out their watches to see how long Van Brunt would last. Toward the end of the round both men were very tired indeed. Their feet seemed to wander around as they liked, and their blows had lost precision. Consequently it surprised everybody but his friends when, just as the 3 minutes were almost up, Van Brunt rallied with great suddenness, and wiping away the latest blood, landed his right flat under Roosevelt's chin and dropped him on the floor. The undercard was a very neat one, and even Roosevelt expressed admiration of it as soon as he could talk. Time was up just as he fell, and he was assisted to his chair, and the energetic work of restoration was begun anew on both men. When the minute interval was almost up, Referee Livingston told Van Brunt that Roosevelt had enough, and asked if he was willing to stop. Van Brunt said, "Why, certainly," and the referee said it would be a draw.

Save yourself trouble and have your GAZETTE mailed regularly to your address three months for \$1.00. Richard K. Fox, publisher, Franklin square, New York.

SPORTING NEWS.

It is intended that this department shall be a summary of all the sporting news and gossip current in the United States. Every reader of the POLICE GAZETTE is cordially invited to contribute such information of this kind as he may acquire in his neighborhood.

Nine Canadian baseball-players think of making a tour through the United States next April.

Bigley, who was with the New York nine last year, will pitch for the Hartford in the ensuing season.

The 6-day go-as-you-please race, open to all comers, is to begin on March 8, at Madison Square Garden.

Duncan C. Ross left Cleveland, Ohio, for San Francisco on Feb. 1, to wrestle all comers on the Pacific Slope.

Gen. W. T. Withers, of Kentucky, has sold to W. P. Pickhardt, of this city, the mare, Cleopatra, by Seattle, for \$250.

The Goskin Brothers, Lee, Hooser, Wallace, Ross and Plasted will probably row a four-oared shell at the New Orleans regatta.

There are several sporting men at Union Springs, N. Y., who still believe that Chas. E. Courtney can defeat any man living.

New Haven is to have a salaried baseball nine next season. This will give the Yale boys an opportunity to secure valuable practice.

In the recent wrestling match between Christol and McMahon, at Detroit, Christol faltered in the second bout. McMahon won both falls.

Onway Geoghegan, the ex-pugilist and sporting man, who died at Hot Springs, Ark., was buried in Calvary Cemetery, New York, on Jan. 27.

Joseph Walsh, of Newburgh, desires to skate any man in America 50 or 100 miles for \$500 a side. Here is a chance for honest John Ennis.

Andrew Carmody, of Bridgeport, has matched his dog against a Massachusetts dog to drink beer for \$50 a side. The event will take place in two weeks.

James Grant, the champion 3-mile runner, challenges John Hourihan, of Cambridge, Mass., to run 40 miles or any shorter distance for \$50 a side.

Dr. Carver, in his recent remarkable attempt to shoot 60,000 blocks of wool in 6 days, fired 6,821 shots, of which 60,016 hit their mark, and 4,805 were misses.

Dr. W. F. Carver writes from New Haven that he intends to shoot 10,000 bats at New Orleans. He will perform the feat in 1,000 hours for a purse of \$3,000.

At the games held at Middletown, Ireland, on New Year's Day, W. M. J. Barry threw the 56-pound weight 26 ft., which is the best amateur record in Great Britain.

The two running-dogs, Prussian and Ike, belonging to D. C. Asby and Arthur Chambers respectively, are matched to run Feb. 16 for \$500 a side. Both dogs will run the full 500 yards.

E. F. Mallahan says that the two best pugilists in America are Charley Mitchell and Jack Burke, and that, barring Sullivan, they are a little too much for any other scientific men in the country.

Duncan C. Ross has authorized Chas. E. Davis to make a match for a broadsword combat for \$500 or \$1,000 a side with Col. Thos. H. Monastery, to take place in Chicago, Cleveland or New York.

The main at Kypport, N. J., between Staten Island and New Jersey, which began Jan. 23, ended Jan. 23. Thirteen battles were fought, and the Staten Island chautauque won 7 to New Jersey's 6.

An exchange says that the directors of the defunct Cleveland baseball club will sell Lazarus for \$2,000, being the balance due on the \$2,500 contract made with him, that Cleveland resigns from the League.

The annual football match between teams representing England and Wales was played Jan. 3 at Swansea, and ended in a victory for England by 1 converted goal and 4 tries to 1 converted goal and 1 try.

At Chicago, on Jan. 26, Jacob Schoefer again defeated Geo. Slosson in a billiard match of 600 points, 12-inch ball-line, for \$1,000. Schoefer won by 81 points in fifty-one innings. Score: Schoefer, 800; Slosson, 719.

Pendergast claims that Edward Hanlan is the best man who ever pulled an oar, and notwithstanding Beach's victory, has no equal; that when in goal condition and rowing for money Hanlan could defeat anybody.

Recently, the Chicago, Ill. Gun Club elected the following officers: President, J. B. Reame; vice-president, C. E. Polton; secretary and treasurer, Henry Miller; executive committee, W. C. Hough, C. E. Cole and C. E. Williams.

At Red Bank, N. J., on Jan. 24, the first ice-boat race of the season was sailed. The prize was a pennant for second-class boats. Only two started, the Kitten and Zee. The distance was about 15 miles over the club course. Time, 30m 15s.

John Gasman, the long-distance runner, of the North Side Athletic Club, and James Saunders, of the Williamsburgh Athletic Club, are matched to run for 12 consecutive hours for the amateur championship and a prize on Washington's Birthday.

The six fastest amateur runners in America at one-quarter of a mile are: L. E. Myers; time, 43-5-5. H. S. Brooks; time, 50-1-5. J. A. Hoyle; time, 51s. Wendell Goodwin, Jr.; time, 51-1-5. J. F. Jenkins; time, 51-1-5. T. Murphy; time, 52-4-5.

The Indianapolis baseball club is having no end of trouble. A bill is before the Indiana Legislature to prevent Sunday playing in that State, and if it is passed it will mean death to the Indianapolis Club, as Sunday games were the best paying ones of the week.

Cincinnati proposes to make a strong fight for the championship at the New Orleans tournament. A team selected from D. Toppel, R. McGraw, T. Gastright, Harry McDuff, A. Baudle, M. Greener and A. W. Dufay will make it interesting for the Exeter team.

On Jan. 26 Jack Dempsey defeated Jack Fay, of Rockville, Conn., in a glove encounter at Athletic Hall, Thirty-eighth street, New York, adding another victory to his long list. Fay was a tall, powerful athlete, and was sent from Connecticut to Billy Madden to find out if he was able to face Sullivan.

For the clay pigeon tournament at New Orleans additional entries have been made. The Tekamah, Neb., Club will be represented. Two teams are expected from the Chatham Gun Club, of Savannah, Ga. Messrs. Wm. Childs, of New York, have donated one of their folding centerbars as special prize.

J. W. Clark, the noted boxer and sporting man, of Scranton, Pa., in conjunction with Yang Tigue, the champion handball-player of the coal regions, opened a new and well-fitted sporting house, which he has named the "Police Gazette" Gymnasium, at No. 393 La-kwana avenue, Scranton. It will be the leading sporting resort in Scranton.

A Western Polo League has been formed, with clubs from Louisville, Detroit, Columbus and Dayton, Ohio, with the object of determining the polo championship of Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio and Michigan. The rules of the National League were adopted. It was decided that the series should consist of four games between each two of the clubs.

The Seawanhaka Yacht Club officers recently elected for 1885 were: Commodore, Archibald Rogers; Vice-Commodore, W. A. W. Stewart; Rear-Admiral, A. Bryan Alley; Secretary, Leon F. D'Orenbuck; Treasurer, William B. Simonds; Measurer, John Hyslop; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. John M. Woodbury; Chaplain, Rev. George R. Vandewater; Sailing Committee, Louis P. Bayard, Francis O. De Luce, S. Nelson White, Robert Center, J. William Beckman; Trustee, J. Frederic Tams.

Our Post-Office.—Letters lying at this office will be forwarded on receipt of stamped envelope, self-addressed. Willis Brown (2), Hon. Wm. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill); Harry Dobson, Wm. Edwards, polestar; James W. Fullbrook (2), Joe Fowler, Miss Edna Gray, Dennis Harvey, Tom Hall, J. Edwin Irwin; M. K. Kittelman, splinter; John Mackay, Patsy Murphy, G. J.

Montgomery, Eph. Morris, Prof. Nixey (3), Mike Pham, W. Price, Johnson Robins, Wallace Ross, Sol Smith Russell, Happy Jack Smith, Wm. Smith.

The "Daily News" on Jan. 25 published the following: "The Montreal skating carnival commences to-morrow. A number of sporting men left yesterday to witness the race, also a number of fast skaters, who will participate in the great 5 mile and 10-mile races. The former contest is for the amateur championship of the Dominion, and the first prize is a \$100 gold medal donated by Richard K. Fox, of this city. The latter race is for the championship of America, and, according to advices from Montreal, both events have a large number of entries. Yesterday Mr. Fox left for Montreal to witness the carnival. He will reach his destination to-night and stop at St. Lawrence Hall."

The following visitors called at this office the past week: Capt. Jas. C. Daly, James Couper, J. L. Malone; James Felt, Canals; Ed. F. Mallahan; Capt. Slocum, Bark Quideck; Mr. Calhoun, Paul Ryan, Patrick McGinley; Wm. Springall, Geo. Fryer, the Staff 'Un, London, Eng.; Jim McHugh, Arthur S. Odant, Jas. Patterson, Edw. Bibby, James Pittington, John O'Hara, Martin Dempsey, Benj. H. Benton, Matsuda Sasaki, Mr. Tappier, Mark Maguire, Jack Burke; Wm. Crabbe, Auburn, N. Y.; John Nolan, Syracuse, N. Y.; Willis Brown, James Brown, Al. Marx, John C. Knapp, Joe Helzer, Gus. Tathill; John Martin, Newark, Davis Trille.

At Athletic Hall, 120 East Thirteenth street, this city, on Jan. 21, a tremendous crowd assembled to witness Jim Felt and Bill Glynn box. The latter did not appear, and Dempsey and Felt agreed to box. Dempsey entered the ring weighing 142 pounds and Felt weighed 175. Dempsey is 5 feet 8 inches tall and Felt is a half inch taller. It was a slashing affair for four rounds. In the last round Felt dashed at Dempsey and planted several blows on his ribs. Dempsey got home with the left and right, the latter's fast landing on Felt's ear. Then they wrestled, and Felt thought he had Dempsey on a hip-lock. The latter wriggled out of the lock, however, and both went to the floor together. They arose and resumed the contest, and after a sharp exchange Dempsey succeeded in rushing Felt back to the edge of the stage near the dressing-room, and in a wreath threw him. Billy Madden then stopped the bout, and both shook hands good-naturedly.

At the Manhattan Athletic Club grounds, on Jan. 21, there was a 100 yard skating race, and four of the fastest skaters in America competed. The starters were G. D. Phillips, N. Y. A. C.; G. C. Walton, M. A. C.; Charles Pfaff, Jr., M. A. C., and S. D. See, W. A. C. Phillips and Pfaff were English speed skates, and Walton and See wore club skates with low-set blades.

First heat—Walton and Phillips met. Walton got well away and soon had a lead of 3 yards. This distance separated them when they passed the judges. The time was 10 1/4, which is a best on record.

Second heat—Pfaff and See met. Pfaff won easily, as See slipped up when 20 yards from the tape. Time, 10 1/4.

Final heat. The two Manhattan men had a grand race for 30 yards, and the Walton pulled away and won by 2 yards in 10 1/4. Phillips then attempted to break the record, in two trials he skated the 100 yards in 10-5-4 and 11-1-5.

A catch-as-catch-can wrestling match, for \$250 a side, between Joe Acton, the champion, and John M. Burgess, of Maryland, was decided at Arthur Chambers' great sporting resort, the Champions' Rest, 922 Ridge avenue, Philadelphia, on Jan. 26. Acton is the acknowledged champion of the world at this style of wrestling, having defeated the best of both this country and England. In the latter country, which is his native land, he is known as the "Little Demon." Burgess is new at the business, this being his first match of importance. The result of the match was about as would be expected, taking into consideration the history of the two men. Acton won the first fall in considerably less than half a minute by getting what is termed in Lancashire, an "anch" hold. The second bout lasted a little longer. Acton winning it in 3m 30s by forcing one of Burgess' arms up his back, so that he was forced to "hog" over or have his arm broken. Burgess is about 10 lbs heavier than Acton, and, unlike most of the wrestlers that of late years have tried Acton, he did his share of the work making an honest effort to win. Burgess backed himself.

On Jan. 24 John McMahon, of Bakersfield, Vt., with his backer, called at the Police Gazette office and posted \$250 forfeit with Richard K. Fox and left the following challenge:

New York, Jan. 24, 1885.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

Sir—I am ready to wrestle H. M. Dufar, of Marlboro, Mass., Col. J. H. McLaughlin, of St. Louis formerly of Detroit, or any man in the world, best two in three falls, collar-and-elbow, according to "Police Gazette" rules, for \$500 or \$1,000 or \$2,500 a side and the championship of America. The match to be decided within four or five weeks from signing articles in New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis or Pittsburg; or I will wager \$1,000 to \$700 that there is no wrestler living that can win a fall in wrestling me in one hour. If neither Dufar nor McLaughlin accept I shall be ready to arrange a mixed match with Joe Acton, the champion catch-as-catch-can wrestler, one fall catch-as-catch-can in jackets, American style, one fall Greco-Roman, one fall collar-and-elbow, for \$500 a side. To prove I mean business I have posted \$250 with Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the Police Gazette, who shall be the final stakeholder. Hoping this will bring a reply from one of the many champions, I remain yours,

John McMahon, Champion collar-and-elbow wrestler of America.

The backer of John McMahon has posted a forfeit, and if any of the many wrestlers are eager to arrange a match they will have no difficulty in doing so if they cover the champion collar-and-elbow wrestler's money.

The Intercollegiate Rowing Association have elected the following officers for 1885: President, A. J. Gray, University of Pennsylvania; vice-president, H. C. Chapot, Cornell University; secretary, C. B. Crowl, Columbia College; treasurer, H. C. Taylor, Cornell University. The following regatta committee for 1885 was appointed: Thomas G. Hunter, University of Pennsylvania; C. C. Chase, Cornell University; Jasper T. Goodwin, Columbia College. Lake Quinsigamond, near Worcester, Mass., was decided upon as the scene of the regatta of 1885, and the date fixed for Fourth of July. E. C. Watson, a graduate of Harvard, was chosen as referee with Frank G. Brown, a graduate of Yale, alternate. The colleges that will be represented by crews are University of Pennsylvania, Cornell, Columbia, Brown, Brown and Wellesley, Lake Quinsigamond was the scene of the Harvard-Yale aquatic contests about twenty years. Princeton University gave notice of its withdrawal from the association, and the Princeton delegates announced that the university had given up public rowing entirely, owing to the great difficulty experienced in training on the narrow canal and the consequent handicapping of the Princeton crews when they competed with rowing crews of other colleges that enjoyed facilities for practicing the sport to much greater advantage. The withdrawal was accepted with regret, and several speeches were made in praise of the New Jersey University's pluck in struggling so long and so well as it has done against heavy odds. Brown University, of Providence, R. I., was readmitted to the association, having been dropped at one time by the rule that any university or college belonging to the association that failed to send a crew to the annual regatta shall forfeit its membership.

Paddy Ryan, the ex-champion pugilist, who was made a hero after meeting John L. Sullivan at Madison Square Garden was lionized by his numerous admirers after his arrival in Chicago. In an interview with the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent Ryan said: "I always knew I was Sullivan's master, in or out of the prize ring. I was not whipped by Sullivan at Missisippi City, but by hernia. I endured torture the night before the fight, but what would the Southern men have done if I had backed out at the last moment? They were all friends of mine, and I could never show my face in their country again. And then, again, it was my bad luck to get a terrible blow from Sullivan on the neck, which bewildered me, and I never knew for some time after what I was doing. I wish the match could have been finished. I know that I could have punched and winded Sullivan in two rounds. Sullivan thought he had a dummy again in front of him, but ever since that fight I have been taking care of myself, and have improved in intelligence and sparring. Sullivan speaks of his wrestling qualities, and says he could throw me. Now, he tried that down South when I was in a weak condition, but did not succeed. Sullivan talks about fighting me again for fun or money, and I wish to state that Mr. Patterson will back me for \$5,000 or \$10,000 to fight him with small gloves or bare knuckles, but the battle must be to a finish, and I will never be satisfied until this affair has been settled one way or the other. Why, I had him licked when I had his head in chancery and was punishing him. I could feel his body shrink from me and trying to wriggle away in a weak manner. I am willing to meet him where there can be no interference by the authorities."

One dollar sent to this office will pay for the POLICE GAZETTE three months, delivered by mail to your address.

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

I see there is quite a flutter among yachtsmen and yacht-bullies over the proposed international yacht races for the America's cup.

All kinds of models have been submitted to the custodians of the trophy.

A yacht to be able to contend successfully for the cup against the English yacht Genesta, must be 80 feet in length, and our first-class sloop yachts at present are not over 60 feet in length on their load lines.

It is imperative that a British challenge for the Genesta must be met with a craft embodying in her design and model all the features that our coasting vessels have.

The high degree of excellence that has been arrived at in the modern British racing yacht is, perhaps, beyond dispute.

But still it can be met and beaten in our own waters by a well-designed craft of native type, though such a yacht would have, perhaps, no chance of success when sailing against the modern racing yacht in British waters.

The cup must be kept here, for once it leaves us it will remain away forever.

If John Teemer is really "insane," as Eph Morris would have the public believe, every sculler in America will want to row Teemer next season.

Even Courtney might be induced to postpone his Australian trip until he has had a try at the McKeesport oarsman, and who knows but Morris himself may itch for a race with his former protegee.

In his day, Evan Morris was a fair third-rate sculler, and if he has not forgotten what he knew he might still be good enough to be beaten by the insane oarsman.

Poor Morris, realizing that he has lost the "goose" that lays the golden eggs, he seeks to injure the goose.

But Teemer is not as mad as Morris, and the proof of this lies in the fact that Morris makes the accusation.

An insane man believes everybody crazy but himself.

If Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan broke the law when they met in the arena at Madison Square Garden on Jan. 19, why were they not arrested?

And then, if they did not break the law, why were they stopped and the 10,000 spectators disappointed?

Jack Couper, the champion middle weight of South Africa, who arrived in this country on Jan. 19, has the cut and physique of a pugilist.

It is strange that while John L. Sullivan was offering large sums to any pugilist who would stand before him four 3-minute rounds in America Couper was playing the same game in South Africa.

Couper gave one exhibition at Cape Town, and a pugilist weighing over 200 pounds accepted his offer of £50 and agreed to stay four rounds. The Mayor and all the officials attended the exhibition, but when they witnessed Couper send the claret flying from his burly opponent they left the building and returned just in time to see Couper knock the giant out.

By the way, Couper is ready to box Alf Greenfield over any pugilist in America for a purse. I have not seen Couper perform, but from his conversation and the reports published of his battles in the diamond fields he must be a hummer.

Owing to the many abuses which have occurred in amateur baseball circles during the past few seasons it was deemed advisable by some of the leading amateur clubs to form a regular amateur association, so that "revolving" and other abuses could be dealt with in a proper manner.

A call was recently issued by the Arlington Club, of this city, and the Young America Club, of Philadelphia, for a meeting to be held in this city at the rooms of the Arlington Club, and up to date the following clubs have responded favorably:

Olympic, Riverton, and Young America, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Quickstep, Senators, Unique, Clipper, Arctic, Waverly and Arlington clubs, of New York City; Williamsburgh Athletic Club, of Brooklyn; Roseville Athletic Club, of Newark, N. J.; Browns, of Altoona, Pa., and Hastings, of Peckskill.

The Staten Island and Bergen Point clubs have not yet been heard from, although it is understood that both will send delegates. All the leading amateur clubs in Brooklyn have been invited to send delegates, but the most of them are already members of the Long Island Amateur Association.

If Hanlan can count his friends and supporters by the thousands in this country and in England, William Besch can boast an equally great number of admirers and backers in Australia.

From the moment that the American champion went down before the big colt every patron and follower of boating in the Antipodes awakes by beach, and in his coming races with Hanlan he will be backed at events to win a tremendous amount of American and English money.

Even Patrick Clifford is held to be superior to Hanlan, and will be well supported with colonial cash when he measures blades with the man who is still regarded by Americans as the paragon sculler of the world.

I have been informed that Superintendent McLaughlin, of the Washington Monument, desires having made any bet that Paul Hines cannot catch a regulation baseball dropped from the top of the low of the monument, a height of 515 feet, but he is willing to wager that a ball dropped from that window cannot be caught by any player.

I understand that officers of the monument calculate roughly that the ball would take about 5½ seconds to descend, and at the bottom would be going at the rate of about 180 feet per second, or in the neighborhood of 2 miles per minute.

It is my opinion that the resistance to be offered by the person who attempts to catch it would be only about 110 pounds, or in other words, he would have to put forth enough strength to lift that weight.

The ball, it is thought, would not be going as fast as many that are taken readily by the fingers in a game of ball, but there are other matters to be considered, which would make the test more difficult.

It is my opinion that the present system of two umpires and a referee in football matches does not benefit the game or work at all well.

It seems to give rise to as much misunderstanding as anything else, and the remedy proposed is to do away with the umpires altogether and leave all disputes to be directly settled by a single referee. What is wanted nowadays is a little more faith in the honest efforts of those officials.

Let a capable man be chosen, and then players and spectators alike should pay him the compliment of believing that his "intentions are honorable," even if his rulings are not always

right. Moreover, referees should always give a decision with plenty of confidence and, above all things, no reasons for it.

Disputes arise when appeals are made, and such an answer returned as "I don't see it," or "I cannot say whether he did or not." Let a verdict be given one way or the other, and those who are taking part in the game will be infinitely better satisfied.

There were more than a dozen cases recently in which rows and contentions were caused by the referee giving forth a very uncertain sound.

The manner in which the race in England between Buhar and Perkins resulted has served to create among some friends of rowing the impression that the turning-point has been reached, and that Perkins is destined to show champion form in a year or two.

Others take the opposite view, and say that the race has simply dug deeper the grave of a once popular sport.

He has youth on his side, and is a man who takes the greatest care of himself. Those who had carefully watched the practice of the whilom rivals could not fail to notice the marked improvement manifest in Perkins' style since his last appearance in public, but even those who knew the Rotherline man best were astonished at the ease with which he disposed of his opponent.

Fancy a man being so egotistical in this democratic country as to announce himself as an Esquire.

Such a one is Louis De Ferner, Esq., of Virginia, who puts his name to the foot of an advertisement respecting Irish actors.

It is pretty safe to say that L. De F. does not belong to any one of the F. F. of V., or he would have been more of a gentleman and less of a snob.

I understand that a stock company proposes to open a grand summer resort on the large space of ground on the southeast side of the Brighton and Manhattan Beach depots at Bay Ridge.

In conjunction the company propose to lay out suitable grounds for pedestrian meetings and baseball.

If the scheme is carried out there is not the least doubt but that it will meet with success, for the location is first-class, being the terminus of the boats from New York and the numerous railroads that run to Coney Island by the Brighton, Manhattan and Sea Beach routes.

A first-class resort with hotel and all accommodations, is now a necessity at this point.

I had to smile when I read of the welcome greeting Paddy Ryan received at his adopted abiding-places, Albany and Troy, N. Y., after his rally with John L. Sullivan.

It is only three years ago since Ryan left Albany to meet John L. Sullivan in a prize ring encounter upon which a fortune was staked on his chances of being victorious.

Ryan was beaten after doing all he could to retain the pride of place among the foremost pugilists of the day—the championship of the world. He was defeated after a desperate and what may be called a hurricane battle, because his opponent was in better condition physically, more muscular, stronger, and possessed by far more pugilistic requirements than Ryan.

Sporting men who had backed Ryan—not in the main stakes, for Richard K. Fox found the \$2,500, or Ryan's share of the \$5,000, which depended on the result—deserted the ex-champion in his defeat, and did not for a moment hesitate that only one man could be the victor, and charged that he sold the fight etc., etc., and swore vengeance because they lost.

Many of these same sporting men joined in Ryan's recent reception at Albany and Troy and made him a hero, which proves the adage, "Men, like great nations, rise and fall."

I don't believe if Sullivan had again demonstrated that he could defend Ryan again at Madison Square Garden on Jan. 19, that a corporal's guard would have met the champion, and his backers on their arrival at Albany.

I have been informed that John Flood, the popular pugilist and boniface, is eager to again meet Sullivan.

I have frequently had an idea that a champion sprinter wearing spiked shoes could travel over the ice faster than a skater.

Again and again this question has been discussed, but it was never settled practically, and to-day there are many who believe a sprinter can beat a skater running sprint distances, i. e. 75 to 150 yards.

I witnessed a contest on Jan. 23 which, in my mind, conclusively proves the theory that a champion sprinter can out-speed a skater at a certain distance on a field of smooth ice.

The race I have reference to was the contest between Charles Pfaff, Jr., and L. E. Myers, the champion amateur sprinter.

The conditions of the hybrid contest was that Myers was to run 120 yards while Pfaff covered 115 yards on skates.

The contestants started by report of pistol. Myers gained the handicap at about 50 yards, and 20 yards further had the race in hand. He kept up a minimum gait and won easily.

The time announced was 11 3-4 seconds, which I must state now forms the best on record for any kind of running by an amateur.

It is my opinion that if the spikes in Myers' shoes had been shorter he could have run the distance in less time.

I learn by San Francisco exchanges that sporting men now claim that Herbert A. Slade sold them out when he was defeated by Jack Brady.

I think the alleged charge against the Maori is all buncombe, because Brady fought Slade to a standstill and ended the contest by knocking him out.

Slade never possessed the quality and quantity of courage necessary for a pugilist. He was a clever boxer, but cannot stand punishment because he does not like it.

If Slade had proved that there was any prospect of his ever making his mark in the prize ring arena, Jem Mace would never have cut the chain that bound him.

Putting aside John L. Sullivan there are many pugilists in America that could easily defeat Slade, who cannot boast of weighing within thirty pounds of the Maori's avoirdupois.

Springhall, the English pugilist, who recently arrived from England, is said to be a first-class boxer, and what ring men call a stayer.

A correspondent states that he can only use his right hand, that his left has long since been rendered useless—that is, it was injured in one of his contests, and that it is always liable to go against him.

Freddie Gebhard's Eole is entered for the Newmarket handicap for 1,000 sovereigns against such horses as Quickline, Louis d'Or, The Lambkin, Sandiway and Scot Free. In this event, Blue Grass is entered by its present owner, R. Craig. Eole and Blue Grass are also entered for the great Metropolitan stakes at Epsom on April 26, in which King Monmouth, with The Lambkin, Louis d'Or and Sandiway, will run.

One dollar sent to this office will pay for the POLICE GAZETTE three months, delivered by mail to your address.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All requests for information of a character to be answered in the columns of a newspaper will meet with an early reply on this page, and our readers are cordially invited to submit by letter any reasonable question, no matter on what subject.

BROOKLYNITE.—No.

S. W., Buffalo.—Sizes win.

C. L., Wapello, Iowa.—No.

J. P., Rochester, N. Y.—No.

J. H. F., Waterloo, N. Y.—No.

H. B. B., Elk River.—You won.

L. R., Stonington.—The bet was a draw.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER, New York City.—Yes.

CONSTANT READER, New York City.—Chris. Lily.

S. W., Boston.—The decision was, "No fight."

G. H., Boston.—Ten Brock's time is the fastest.

A. F. S., Honeybrook, Chester Co., Pa.—A wine.

W. H., Potlsville.—1. Yes. 2. No. 3. The Jack deals.

A CONSTANT READER, Potlsville, Pa.—A loss; B wins.

COLORADO JACK.—Thomas Redmond is at New Orleans.

F. J. K., Chicago, Clark street.—Explain what you mean.

J. W. P., Newark, N. J.—Consult some responsible lawyer.

W. L. F., Rockville, Conn.—Send on the photo and sketch.

S. W., Elk City, Kan.—Send 15 cents and we will furnish it.

K. B., Salamanca, N. Y.—Send 25 cents for list of premiums.

J. D., Portland, Me.—Send for the "Life of John C. Heenan."

W. M., Baltimore.—1. Straights are not generally played. 2. No.

W. J. W., Pine Ridge Agency, D. T.—Twelve and one-half cents.

G. E. J., Peterson, Kan.—The address you require is 373 Broadway.

PATRON, San Francisco, Cal.—The game must be finished. Cards decide it.

S. J. F., Macon, Miss.—The party opening jack-pot shows after the draw.

M. J., Horse Heads, Chemung Co., N. Y.—1. The bet is off. 2. Yes. 3. No.

M. M., New York.—1. Yes. 2. Increasing in circulation. 3. No. 4. Yes.

DR. W. R. R., Fort Allegheny, Pa.—We do not keep a record of such events.

G. E. L., Guyandotte, W. Va.—J. W. L. suspended business some time ago.

SPORTSMAN, Brightwood, D. C.—It was a mistake. The list you send is correct.

A. C., Alamosa, Col.—Send your name and address to our advertising department.

P. M., McDonald, Pa.—Send your name and address to our advertising department.

L. S., Detroit.—We have not received the portraits; therefore cannot publish them.

L. M. T., Wallingford, Conn.—Send 30 cents and we will supply you with premium list.

READER, Claremont, N. H.—Send your name and address to our advertising department.

T. A. M., Providence, R. I.—Send your name and address to our advertising department.

M. F., Brooklyn, N. Y.—We are not entering pedestrians in 6-day races or backing any one.

J. R. R., Des Moines, Iowa.—On Feb. 7, 1882, Ryan and Sullivan fought at Mississippi City.

H. E., Providence, R. I.—Sullivan forced him through the ropes by tremendous body-blows.

J. C. D., Roslyn, L. I.—Cannot publish the rules. Send 50 cents and we will mail them.

A READER, Delhi.—Please send your name and post-office address to our advertising department.

H., Bridgeton, N. J.—Twenty-nine feet seven inches is the best running broad jump on record.

J. J. B., Woodburn, Iowa.—There are several buildings over eight stories in New York City.

BIO JACK, Broadway and Fifty-fourth street.—We are unable to forward you information desired.

C. J. C., Lawrence, Mass.—1. There is no one claiming that title.

2. The feat was a remarkable one.

A. F. S., Kearney, Neb.—Consult the popular vote table recently published in the POLICE GAZETTE.

L. C. B., Akron, Ohio.—John L. Sullivan was born at the Highlands, at Boston, in October, 1858.

M. S. P., Hobart, Mich.—John L. Sullivan stands 5 ft 10½ in in height, and weighs 215 lbs untrained.

R. F. W., Memphis, Tenn.—1. The ace, king, queen, jack and ten wins. 2. Where straight are played.

J. W. O. C., Calico, Cal.—A state. Send \$1 and we will send you a book with full rules of Wias, etc.

J. G. S., Fort Sulby, D. T.—Hanlan did row in the regatta you name, and John Teemer was the winner.

E. F., Clymer, Oregon.—Arthur Chambers, 923 Ridge avenue, Philadelphia, can supply you with them.

G. S., Scranton, N. J.—Robert Coombes, the ex-champion oarsman, died in a lunatic asylum, therefore A wins.

M. C., San Francisco, Cal.—1. Ryan and Sullivan fought at Mississippi City in 1882. 2. Nine rounds in 11m.

JOCKER, Guaymas, Sonora, Mexico.—In the race for the Melbourne cup Matus carried 155 lbs, and won in 3m 21¾s.

C. F. D., Minneapolis, Minn.—John L. Sullivan fought Prof. John Donaldson, at Cincinnati, Ohio, and defeated him easily.

L. D. H., Denver, Col.—Send on a forfeit and we will issue a challenge which, backed up with money, will demand attention.

L. H., Kokuk, Iowa.—You labor under a mistake. Richard K. Fox never offered any pedestrian \$1,000 that could run 100 yards in 10s.

NEWSDEALER, Nebraska City.—Blaine did not beat Cleveland, 30,000. The vote was: Blaine electors, 197,022; Cleveland, 177,286.

L. L., Geneva, Ill.—The time made by Eclipse in the great 4-mile boat race with Sir Henry was first 7:24, second 7:49, and third 8:24.

T. O'G., Worcester, Mass.—Send your complaint to our advertising department, with name and address, and you will receive attention.

C. M., Dexter, Me.—Anonymous communications cannot receive attention. Send your request with name and address to our advertising department.

GEORGE R. E., Brooklyn.—You probably allude to some advertisement. In such case send your name and address to our advertising department.

J. T. Sheffield, Pa.—The party throwing 41 has no claim to either first or second prize. The parties throwing 42, after throwing off, take first and second.

S. W. N., New York.—A has no straight—he requires an eight spot and a tempo to make it a straight; but A wins. The flush beats kings and jacks.

A. B., Milwaukee, Wis.—John Donaldson and John L. Sullivan fought in a room in Cincinnati on Dec. 23, 1880. Sullivan won in 11 rounds, lasting 20m.

S. J., Vicksburg.—1. Flying Cloud and Peerless trotted for \$20,000 at New Orleans, La., on Feb. 1, 1880. 2. Peerless won. 3. Yes; both were stallions.

W. S. S., Norfolk Navy Yard, Virginia.—1. John L. Sullivan and John Flood fought on a barge on the Hudson river, with hard gloves. 2. Twelve thousand.

H. S. K., Springfield, Vt.—The decision given by Frank Downing, of Bell's Life, in London, in the battle between John C. Heenan and Tom Sayers, was a draw.

D. W., New York.—1. Jackson, the American Deer, was a native of England. 2. Jerry Noon fought eight times in the prize ring. 3. We have not space to chronicle them.

J. M., Wilmington, Del.—Send for the "Champions of the English and American Prize Ring," price 35c. The book contains Joe Coburn and Mike McCool's records.

T. C., Cincinnati, Ohio.—1. Wallack's first theatre on Broadway, two doors below Broome street, was first in this city, Dec. 23, 1830. 2. It was then Broughman's Lyceum.

A SCHOLAR, Red Wing, Minn.—There is no pugilist holding the title of middle-weight champion of America. Several, however, claim to be the middle-weight champion.

SUBSCRIBER, Sag Harbor.—Nick Murphy, of Haverstraw, N. Y., won the O'Leary belt, in Madison Square Garden, Oct. 6-11, 1878. He covered 505 million 220 yards in 141h 42m 54s.

M. S., Indianapolis.—The best method for removing the flesh from the corner of your dog's eye is to cut it off with a horse-hair and then bathe them with warm milk and water.

T. D., Washington, D. C.—In cutting for deal in euchre the ace is high and deals, unless it has been agreed that the highest euchre card deals, and then the jack supersedes the ace.

S. W., Louisville, Ky.—The Dwyer Brothers paid \$3,900 to Wm. S. Barnes & Co. of Lexington, Ky., for the running qualities of a f. Ferona, by imp. Glenside, dam La Henderson.

S. S., Cleveland, Ohio.—In a prize ring encounter it is quite right to strike an antagonist as hard as you can on any part of the body above the waistband, but to strike below that is foul.

CONSTANT READER, Fort Shaw, Montana.—Benjamin F. Butler was not one of the counsel in the Beecher and Tilton scandal case, but he was personally consulted by the late Frank Moulton.

CONSTANT READER, Trenton, N. J.—Dominick McCaffrey never fought John L. Sullivan. At the latter's exhibition at Institute building, Boston, last summer, McCaffrey boxed with Sullivan.

G. B., Bordentown, N. J.—1. It is a mystery where he gained the title. 2. Happy Jack Smith resides in this city. A letter mailed to our post-office will reach him. 3. Have not his address.

D. H., Washington, D. C.—The champion belt Heenan and Sayers fought for, April 17, 1880, was the same one that Wm. Perry, the "Tipson Slasher," and Tom Sayers fought for, and B wins.

S. W., Boston.—1. No. 2. Smuggler. 3. For a safe hunter or hawk you must have strength—ability to carry weight—which is the one great quality so conspicuously lacking in the modern race-horse.

B. J. F., Walla-Walla, W. T.—The dealer, after looking, said: "There is no turn in, and nothing good." He should have backed out the cards. You are not entitled to anything, nor was the dealer.

W. M., Peoria, Ill.—1. At the time Bill Poole was shot he kept a sporting house at the corner of Broadway and Howard street. 2. Stanwix Hall, where Poole was shot, was opposite the Metropolitan Hotel.

H. W. H., Allentown, N. Y.—If B put up a worthless check you can do nothing but withdraw your money. It was your place to know when the bet was registered that B's check was worthless. A draws his money.

W. J., Altoona, Pa.—It is claimed there are more bones in a man than a horse. A horse has 71 in the head, 55 in the trunk, 43 in the fore extremities and 38 in the hind extremities. The total number of bones in a man is 243.

D. M. S., Denver, Col.—1. Hyer weighed 176 lbs. when he fought Chester (Country) McCloskey, and the latter weighed 180 lbs. 2. Dan Donnelly fought Oliver and Cooper. 3. The distance around the Boston common is 1 mile 222 yards.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, East Berlin, Conn.—The fact of the advertisements appearing every week shows reliability. If any advertiser fails to fill orders, and it is demonstrated to our satisfaction, his advertisement could not appear in these columns thereafter.

G. F., Brainerd, Minn.—1. John C. Heenan never won a prize fight. 2. Heenan's first battle in the "Magic Circle" was, with John Morrissey. 3. The pugilists met at Long Point, Conn., Oct. 20, 1858. Morrissey won in 11 rounds, lasting 21m. Heenan's next battle was with Tom Sayers, which ended in a draw after 37 rounds had been fought in 2h 5m, at Farnborough, Eng., April 17, 1860. His last battle was with Tom King, at Wadhurst, Eng., Dec. 10, 1863. King won in 25 rounds, lasting 35m.

J. S. H., Robertsdale, Ill.—There are hundreds of horses on the American and English turf capable of running a mile in 1:43 or thereabouts with their due weight for age, but pack up a few pounds extra on them and they are not only anchored a good many seconds in speed, but a great many of them quit under the pressure. Ten Brock's mile in 1:39½ and his two miles in 3:27½ are fast records, but they were accomplished under such light imposts that they are of very little value as a genuine test of merit.

J. M. W., Boston, Mass.—1. The matter of distance over a mile that a horse trots upon ordinary tracks is a problem hard to solve. 2. The conventional line upon which a race-course or trotting-track is measured is at 3 ft from the rail (erroneously termed pole), which for a running or trotting horse under saddle is correct, assuming him to maintain a uniform line at that distance. A horse in harness, however, allowing for width of sulky or wagon, cannot, with safety, be driven in a line less than 6 ft from the rail.

N. E., Cleveland, Ohio.—1. James McKay, the boat-builder, who died on Dec. 27, 1884, was the first man to construct and launch a racing shell in this country. 2. The boat was named Experiment, was launched June 4, 1856, and added greatly to his already enviable reputation in that line. When Josh Ward, James Hamilton, John and Barney Diggins, Denny Leary, Tom Daw, John Jackson, Andy Fay, Bill Decker, Walter Brown and other professionals of note in the past were in their prime, McKay was at the head of his class as a builder.



RODE UP STAIRS.

THE HEADLONG ACT OF HORSEMANSHIP PERFORMED BY THE RECKLESS YOUNG FAVORITE OF A CHICAGO CLUB.



CAUGHT BY A CARP.

AN UNSUSPECTING INDIANA MAN IS ASSAILED BY AN ENORMOUS AND FEROCIOUS FISH WHILE FORDING A RIVER.

A Horseman's Exploit.

The other day, after dinner at a fashionable Chicago club, much to the amazement of the neighborhood, a young gentleman, in full evening dress, rode for a bet a racer up his steps, into his hall, thence to his dining-room, and out again. Those exploits used to be confined to the old Castle Squander, Sir Toby Rackrent, six-bottle, fifteen-paces era in Ireland. A gentleman there, styled Jerusalem Whaley, rode one of his coach horses up the grand staircase of his residence in Stephens' Green, Dublin, and into his dining-room, where his guests were assembled.

Gilham's Big Six.

The youngest brass band in Pennsylvania, if not in the United States, is that which is known as Gilham's Big Six, and which has its local habitation in Phillipsburgh, Penn. The various instrumentalists are named and aged as follows: R. Y. Gilham, solo B. cornet, thirty-two; E. G. Gilham, first alto, seven; R. Gilham, Jr., first tenor, five; G. N. Gilham, solo baritone, eleven; S. R. Gilham, E. bass, thirteen; U. S. G. Thomas, snare drum, thirteen; B. F. Curly, bass drum, twelve; P. Jones, cymbals, nine.

An Awful Tragedy.

Jo Jackson, the notorious Alabama desperado, was arrested

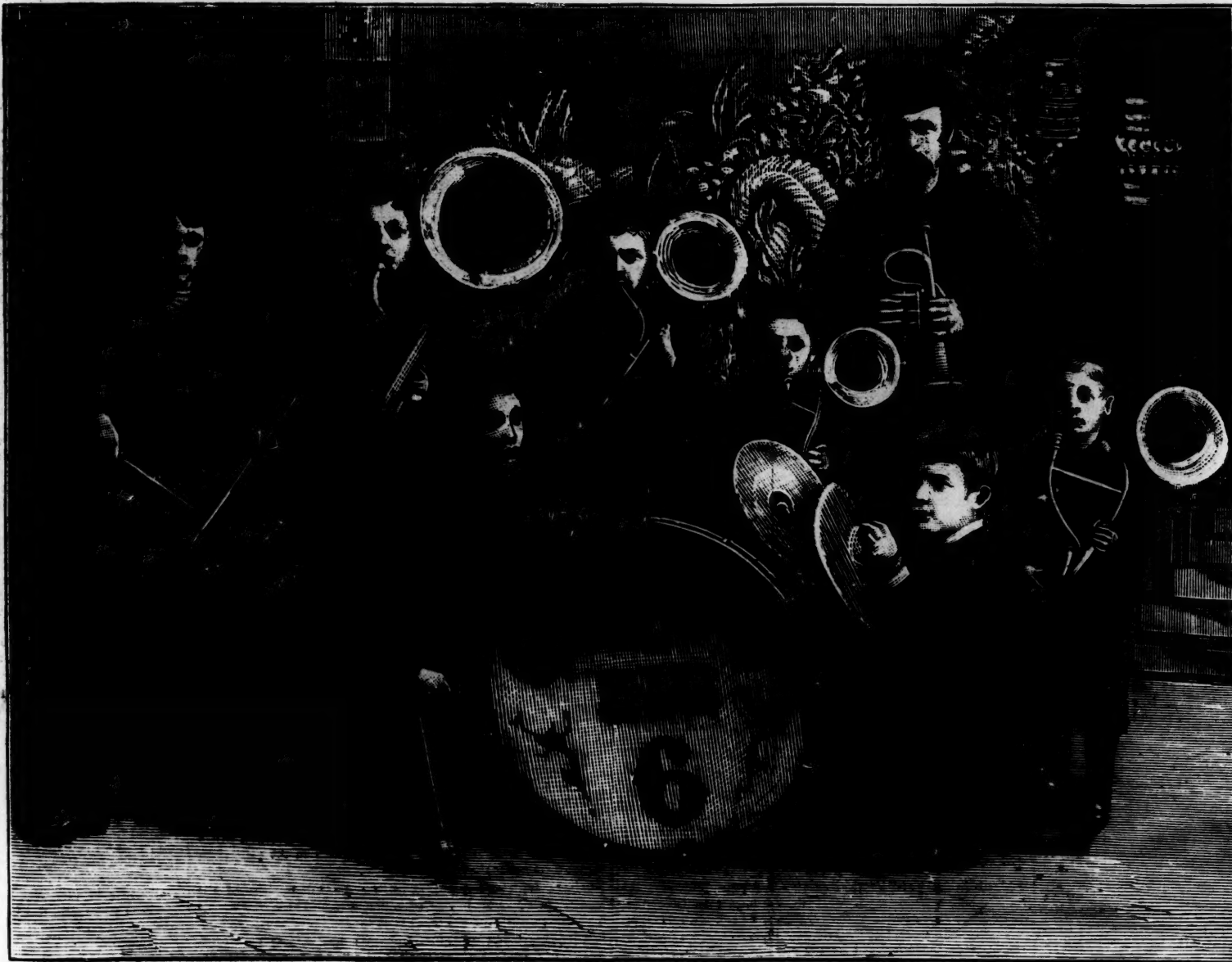
recently at Chattanooga, Tenn., after a desperate duel in a cave with the officers. Jackson had three wives, all of whom lived in a house near the cave, where he was driven at bay. After the exchange of shots in the cave, in which Jackson received

eight bullets in his body, he dashed by the officers and fled to his house. The officers followed in hot pursuit, and another exchange of shots ensued, in which one of the women was fatally wounded. Jackson ran from the building and was captured some distance away. When the officers returned they found the building a heap of ruins. It was fired by the two surviving women, and the wounded woman, being unable to crawl out, was burned to death. Jackson had a large quantity of plunder in the building, and in the ruins a mass of melted coin and silverware was found. The desperado is still alive, but cannot survive long. He is charged with seven murders.

Caught by a Carp.

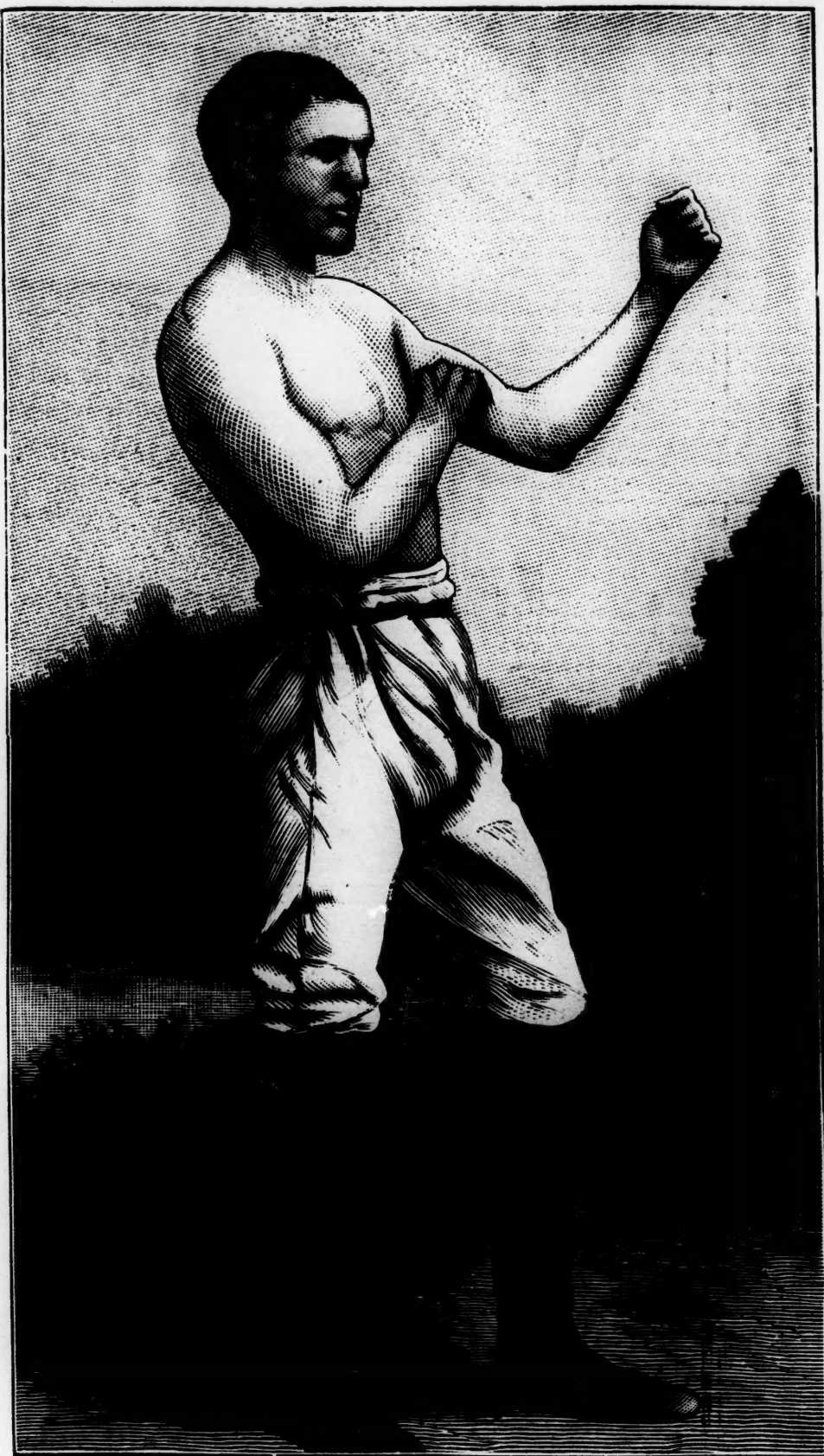
A prominent citizen of Posey county, Indiana, Junkins by name, while crossing a small river in the neighborhood of his farm, was attacked by a fierce fish of the carp variety, which sprang at his hand as it hung over the side of the wagon. The injuries inflicted by the infuriated fish were severe, but, fortunately, not dangerous.

CHIEF FURLONG, of the Missouri Pacific service, reached Tyler, Tex., Jan. 25, with two prisoners who are accused of killing Conductor Frazier and seriously wounding a brakeman on the same train on the International and Great Northern Road. The captives admitted their guilt.



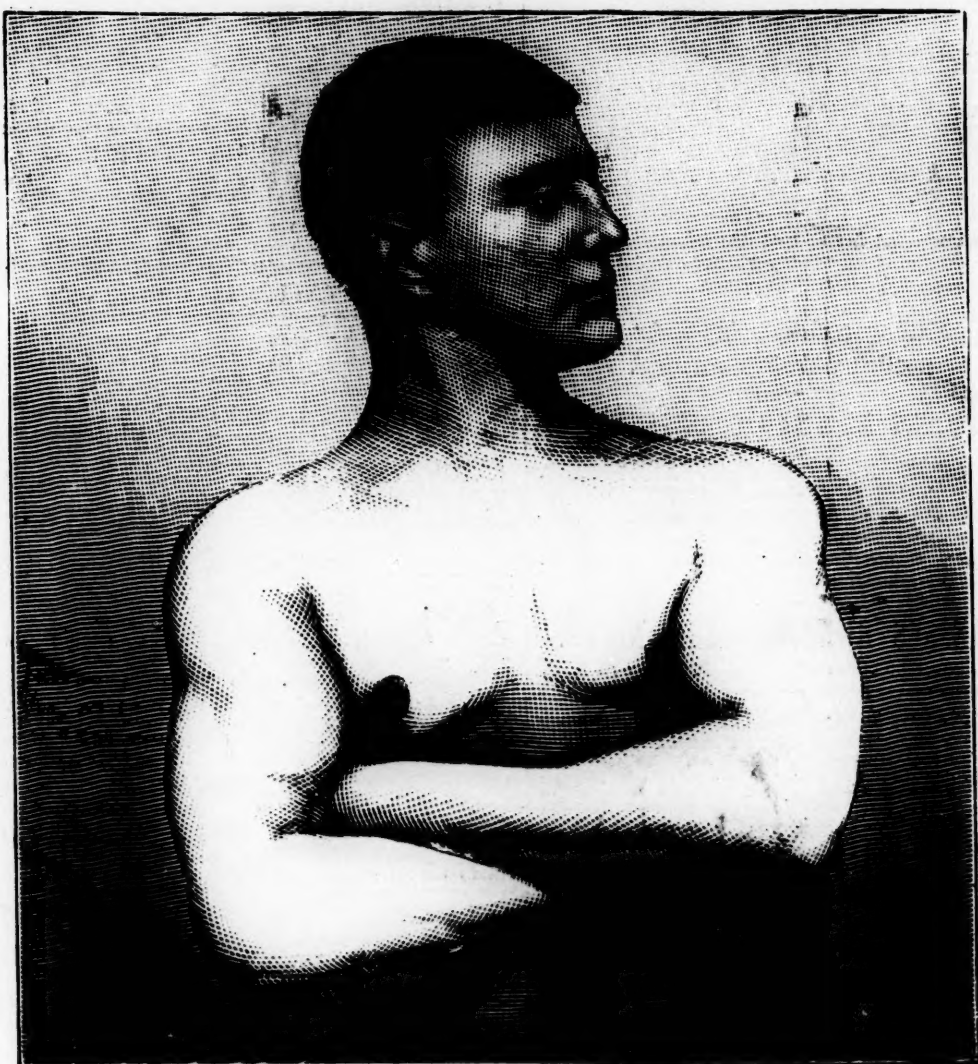
GILHAM'S BIG SIX.

THE BAND OF YOUTHFUL INSTRUMENTALISTS WHO ARE THE LOCAL PRIDE AND DELIGHT OF PHILLIPSBURG, PA.



HARRY SMITH,

THE CHAMPION COWBOY AND THE MOST POPULAR ATHLETE IN WYOMING.



E. L. MILLER,

A PROMISING AND ALREADY PROMINENT PUGILIST, OF DUBUQUE, IOWA.



JAMES KILEY,

A YOUNG WESTERN JOCKEY WHO IS RAPIDLY RIDING TO THE FRONT.

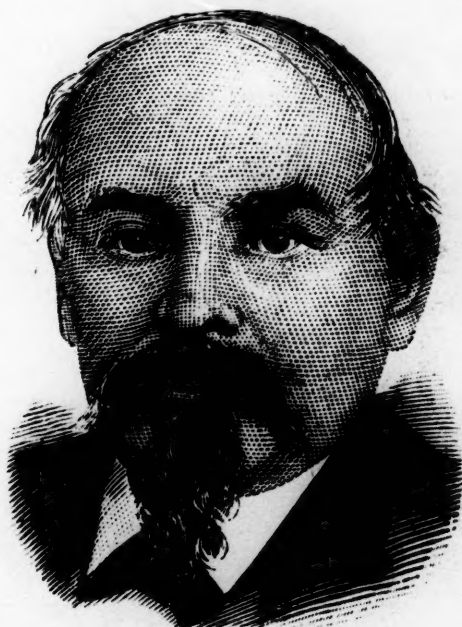


CHARLES H. CAUSTIN,

THE CHAMPION LONG-DISTANCE HEEL-AND-TOE WALKER, OF ILLINOIS.

BEFORE THE BAR.

Timely Topics Among the Festive Spirits.



LOUIS LIEBSCHER.

Mr. Liebscher is a Prussian by birth, and learned the art of brewing in his native land when quite a young man. In 1836 he arrived in this country and settled at first in Newark, N. J. He afterward filled many important positions in his chosen profession in Williamsburgh and elsewhere until, about 1862, he started in Milwaukee the establishment known as the "Phoenix Brewery," where for many years he made a good glass of lager beer and did a large trade. About two years ago Mr. Liebscher determined to go exclusively into the malt-house business in which he has been most successful, having been compelled to enlarge and improve his malt-house from time to time, until to-day he has one of the most perfect establishments in the West. Mr. Liebscher is a popular and prominent man in his adopted city, and also an active and genial member of many important German societies.

A "gin fizz" is a dude's dream materialized. The Washington barkeepers are in training for a big rush in March.

The new Senator from New York can give the older ones points on how to "wine" a good dinner. The liquor saloons of New York feed more hungry people in a day than the temperance fanatics do in a year.

There is a dog in a New York bar which goes upon a spree and gets as full as a temperance spy after a day's tour.

The recent law in Holland which closed 12,000 saloons is said to have increased drunkenness about twenty-five per cent.

This is the proper time for the associations to press their claims for new excise laws before the Legislatures, if they mean business.

Justus Schwab says he believes in keeping open on Sundays, even if he has to stand in his doorway with a club to keep the police off.

Henry Ward Beecher does not want the workingman to have his beer on Sundays. Perhaps he thinks "bread and water" is good enough for the poor man.

Mayor Grace told the temperance cranks who called upon him last week that the poor man had as much right to buy beer on Sundays as he had to buy bread.

The druggists of this city have held an indignation meeting at the College of Pharmacy, protesting against the Excise Commissioners' interpretation of the local liquor license law.

Andrew Bergen, who was arrested a few Sundays ago for selling liquor on the Sabbath, is totally blind, but can mix a cocktail or other fancy beverages, and make change with accuracy and dispatch.

Col. Partridge, the Brooklyn police commissioner, says in regard to the Sunday question: "I don't see why the rich, who buy in bottles, should be allowed to drink on the Sabbath, and the poor cut off."

Questions for cranks: What other interest gives so much circulation to money and so much employment as the wine, liquor and beer trade? Is it not the largest interest in this country? What would you do without it? Very likely go to ruin.

"Pulque" is the national beverage of Mexico. It is made of the fermented milk of the cactus. It looks like skim milk and tastes like yeast. It costs but two cents a quart, and ten cents worth will make a tramp as drunk as a lord. It leaves no swell head in the morning.

The chief of police at Montreal has got the dynamite scare. Some one has sent him a letter notifying him that unless he desists from interfering with tavern-keepers in hachelaga for keeping open on Sundays, they will blow the City Hall to the moon with dynamite.

Special agents of the government seized the beer and ale brewery of James Cummings at Kingston, N. Y., last week. It is said that the latter has evaded payment of tax by not affixing stamps to the barrels. Mr. Cummings will, however, have a hearing in the matter in this city.

The Equal Rights organization, which is composed of prominent liquor dealers in this city, is a new association, whose object is to compel all saloons to close on Sundays, in order to get a more liberal law passed by the present Legislature, or the modification of the foolish excise law now in force.

During the past year numerous inquiries have been addressed to the California State Commission by wine merchants of England, Belgium, Holland and France having in view commercial relations with respect to the disposition of the vintages of California. These inquiries have been inspired by reports of the rapid increase of viticulture on this coast.

There is a saloon at the end of Myrtle avenue, where Kings and Queens counties meet, kept by a German brewer. The building is evenly divided on the line between the two counties, and the bar so placed that half of it is on either side of the line. On Sundays the Kings county side is watched by a Brooklyn policeman and no beer is sold, but on the Queens county end a brisk trade is carried on, the Kings county officer being powerless to prevent the sale in the adjoining county.

The Rev. Mr. Heininger, a Lutheran minister, said, recently, in this city, in regard to hardship of Sunday law on the poor man: "I have traveled in England and all through Germany and other places on the Continent, and I never saw so fanatical, miserable and shameful a law as the excise law of this State. There is a paragraph in the Constitution of the United States which provides that no local government shall interfere with the rights of individuals, but the mayor of your city has done so, and I consider it a robbery on saloon-keepers to press them as they are now being pressed."

A young man in Chicago by the name of John W. Heyl had a bartender named Harry Kemper arrested on the charge of assault and battery. Heyl visited the saloon, and, according to his own story, ate seldom and sparingly of the free lunch, and only when he paid for a glass of beer. On Jan. 2, he relates that Kemper struck him over the head with a billy, cut his scalp, and landed him on the sidewalk. Kemper, on the other hand, says that Heyl never bought any beer or anything else, but stood at the lunch-counter all day eating, and cleared the counter off faster than it could be refilled; that he had been ordered repeatedly to stay away from the saloon; that he paid no attention to these orders, and that eventually he was shoved out of the door gently. The Court decided that a free lunch was in law free to all, whether they bought beer or not. Kemper was fined \$3 and costs.

BURNING THE WHITE DOG.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Early the other morning a brawny brave raked the ashes clean from the hearths in the council-house at the Onondaga Indian Reservation, and going outside, scattered them to the four winds of heaven, chanting at the same time a strange Indian melody which rang out oddly on the crisp air of morning, says the Syracuse Standard. Re-entering the council-house, he kindled fresh fires on the hearths, and the New Year was opened in accordance with the Pagan idea that dates backward in Indian tradition to a time that is shrouded in antiquity. Blue wreaths of smoke curled upward from the council-house at 9 o'clock as six brawny braves stepped outside the door and discharged volley after volley from formidable-looking Queen Anne blunderbusses.

The reports were interspersed with stentorian shouts that ended in a shrill cry. Then gayly-bedecked maidens and squaws, brightly-plumed chiefs, warriors and young braves emerged from wigwams on the hillside and in the valleys, and wended their way along the paths that converge at the council-house. They had come out obedient to the shots and shouts of the six Indians who were the oracles announcing to the faithful that the New Year's ceremonies were to be begun, and that the sacrifice of burning the white dog was about to be made. Half a hundred squaws and young women and as many chiefs and warriors were soon in the council-house.

The clans represented were the Wolves, the Bears, the Turtles, the Beavers, and the Snipes. Shortly before 11 o'clock the doors of the council-house swung open and a procession of braves and squaws filed in, uttering weird incantations. The last man, Thomas Webster, carried the white dog by a cord swung over his shoulder, and tied to the four legs of the animal that had been hanged dead by a delegation of sagamores appointed by the chiefs in council. The execution of the dog took place in secret several hours before the ceremonies began. The animal was laid upon a bench in the center of the room, and the Indians and squaws walked solemnly around, casting mournful looks at it. After the favor of the Great Spirit was invoked on the ceremonies, the dog was again taken up, and the procession filed out of the council-house to a house near by where the Beavers were assembled. Here the ceremonies were repeated and tobacco and other offerings made to the dog. Then the procession returned to the great council-house, where Chiefs Daniel La Fort and Thomas Webster extolled the custom of burning the white dog, saying that it signifies a worthy sacrifice to the Great Spirit. Then the crowd gathered around the huge Utica-made stove in which the incineration was to occur. Medicine Man Webster, who wore a glittering crown, from which gorgeous plumes rose, exhorted the Indians present to live brave and noble lives in the year to come, and to give thanks for the blessings of the past year. A basket of tobacco, gorgeous with ribbons, was placed beside the dog. The cover of the stove was removed, and the fantastically decked animal and the beautifully trimmed basket were consigned to the roaring flames. Warriors and squaws danced around the stove and sung in Indian tongue for five minutes, when the ceremony ended.

DIGGING UP DEAD CHINAMEN.

There are just now being exhumed the bones of several hundred Mongolians to be sent back to the Celestial Kingdom, in accordance with the solemn covenant made by the various Chinese companies with each of their members. From Nov. 17 there have been resurrected at the City Cemetery, in San Francisco, about 180 coffins, with their decaying contents, and this number will probably see a large increase before the year expires. The other day Ah Sam was digging up the women's corner in the plot. Five living Chinese women were ready to welcome the planters' bones back to light, and whenever a cover would be knocked off the decaying coffins these Celestial beauties would eagerly bend over the contents. Without regard to the direction of the wind, and begin a search for the jewels and money of the late lamented. Generally the bodies proved to be swathed in so much cloth and blanketing that poking with a stick would not reveal the treasures, and in such cases the Mongol dames would carefully deposit their cigarettes upon the coffin's edge and dive into the horrible mass with their fingers. The first article looked for was generally the coin which is placed in every Chinaman's mouth so that he may get to Heaven's gate with sufficient toll to purchase admission. To search for this in the depth of a grinning skull and to find it was pronounced as good luck by these dames, who were said to be respectable married women, as otherwise they

would not be permitted to enter the burial plot set apart for the lords of creation.

The money found, the ear-rings were the next prize, and if by chance a little piece of carillage adhered to the bit of silver and Jasper, the living hands would pluck it away as if it were a sweet morsel of prime roast pork. Then the Jasper bracelets would be disengaged from the bones of the hand and forearm, and, this done, the professional bone picker would begin his work. These bone-pickers plainly were not men of sentiment. They went to work in a matter-of-fact way, smoking cigars furnished by the friends of the deceased. Their hands were their tools, no matter how repulsive-looking were the contents of a coffin. Beginning at the feet, these men pick out of the coffin every bit and silver of bone, carefully washing any soft substance between their fingers to make sure that not even a trace of bony structure remains in the land of the white devils. The bones are then cleaned after a fashion, and if it is found that even a joint of the small toe is missing, the grave, the coffin and the ground are thoroughly searched. When all the bones have been found they are wrapped in pieces of muslin, each part of the body by itself, and then the whole is placed in a little zinc-lined box, which is ostensibly the package which goes to China.

TOM FIELDS.

[With Portrait.]

On the 23th of January died in St. Andrews, Can., Thomas Craig Fields, one of the last survivors of the old Tweed ring. He was the first prominent American who took advantage of the hospitalities held out to Americans by the laws of the Dominion, and resided in Canada twelve years. When he fled, to escape criminal prosecution, he was accompanied by his niece, for whose sake he abandoned a beautiful and virtuous wife. He lived with his niece during his long exile and his wife went insane, being at the present moment an inmate of the State Lunatic Asylum at Elmira. One of Tom Fields' sons lived with him in Canada; the other is a resident of this State. Fields was consumed all the time he was in the Dominion by an eager yearning to return to the United States—but he would have been criminally prosecuted if he had. In his death disappears one of the most notorious and unscrupulous of the few surviving members of the Tweed ring.

THE SPORTING WORLD.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Our sporting page this current week depicts with absolute fidelity the match between Swell Van Brunt and Swell Roosevelt in a Fifth Avenue drawing-room; the triumphant reception of Paddy Ryan at Troy; the cock fight between Rensselaer county and Albany birds at the same place, and the desperate fight fought by candle-light between Nobby Clark and Timoney in a Court street garret, Boston.

OFFICE OF THE NOVELTY AGENCY.

ELMIRA, N. Y., Jan. 25, 1885.

Richard K. Fox, Esq., New York:
Please peruse enclosed order, which will explain itself. This is only one out of many orders we receive from foreign countries in answer to advertisements in the POLICE GAZETTE. We take pleasure in being able to show you that your efforts to place the GAZETTE at the head of all advertising mediums are meeting with wonderful and truly gratifying success. Will send advertisement for next issue. Yours very truly,
NOVELTY AGENCY.

THE "Floral Guide," received from James Vick, of Rochester, N. Y., is a work which should be in the hands of every person interested in flowers, vegetables or trees. See his offer in advertisement.

"THE CHAMPION SHOW PRINTING HOUSE OF AMERICA"

THE

RICHARD K. FOX JOB OFFICE,

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

PLAIN AND ILLUMINATED COMMERCIAL, THEATRICAL, RAILROAD, STEAMBOAT, INSURANCE, POLITICAL AND GENERAL WORK BY THE ACCESSORIES OF TYPOGRAPHY, LITHOGRAPHY, WOOD ENGRAVING AND ALL THE ARTS IDENTIFIED WITH THE PRODUCTION OF DISPLAY, FANCY OR DEMURE PRINTING.

The unrivaled facilities of this Complete Printing House guarantee superiority whenever rapidity of production and artistic excellence are requisites of orders.

Large Mailing and Shipping-Room in connection with Press-Rooms.

PRICES ALWAYS CONSISTENT.

ESTIMATES AND SAMPLES FURNISHED.

The eight floors of the POLICE GAZETTE's famous building are occupied solely for printing and publishing purposes, and is the largest establishment of its kind in the United States.

PRESSES RUN DAY AND NIGHT.

Telephone, "270 Nassau."

P. O. Box 40, N. Y.

WINES, LIQUORS & CIGARS

J. Reilly, 91 South St., N. Y., Wholesale Dealer in Fine Brandy, Wines and Cigars, Champagnes, Scotch Ale and London Porter, also Dealer in Penney's, Rye and Kentucky Bourbon Whisky. N. B.—Family Trade a Specialty. Mail orders promptly attended to.

Cigars—Job lots in 100's at \$12. In 50's at \$13 p. 1000; sent C. O. D. fully guaranteed; price list free; no drummers. R. W. TASSIE & Co., Chicago, Ill.

JEWELERS.

D. Keller, 24 John Street, N. Y. Manufacturer of Medals. Special designs will be furnished on application. A large assortment of American Watches in gold and silver cases. Also a full line of Diamonds at the lowest cash prices.

SPORTING GOODS.

Beneke Bros., Champion Pedestrian and Athletic Shoemakers, 100 and 201 Canal St., N. Y.

TO ADVERTISERS.

IMPORTANT TO ADVERTISERS.

As a national advertising medium the POLICE GAZETTE is unrivaled. It is read by fully a million readers every issue, and has an annual circulation of nearly eight million copies.

Subscribers bind the GAZETTE, and the advertising is so placed that it must be bound in the volume, thus giving it a permanent value. Specimen copies mailed upon request. Prompt attention paid to inquiries and correspondence. Estimates submitted upon application. A trial, as a test of value, is solicited.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements..... \$1.00 per line. Reading Notices..... 2.00 " " Copy for advertisements must be in by Thursday morning in order to insure insertion in following issue. The POLICE GAZETTE has 16 pages, of 4 columns, measuring 14 1/2 inches each, and 2 1/4 inches wide.

ALL AGATE MEASUREMENT. EIGHT WORDS AVERAGE A LINE.

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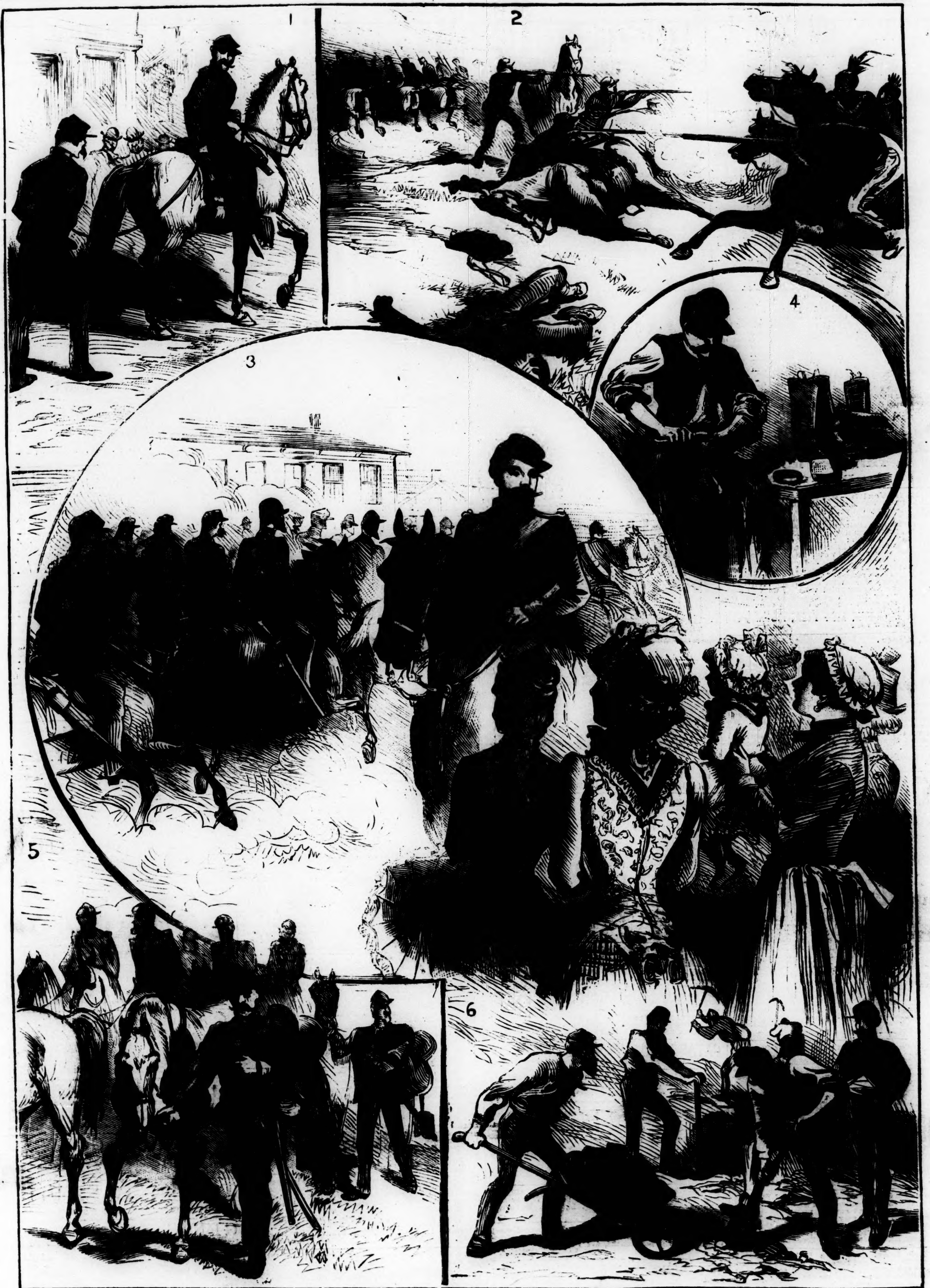
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